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A SERMON FOR OLD AGE.

BY REV. S. JUDD.

TITUS ii. 2, 4.—Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine; that the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, (love,) in patience; the aged women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness, (holy women,) not false accusers, (marginal reading, *make-bates,*) not given to much wine, teachers of good things.

I have been particularly requested to preach a sermon for Old Age, or perhaps for the Discrepitudes of age; for that period of human life which is ordinarily accompanied by infirmity or decay; and strictly for a class of persons, whom years, combining, perhaps, with disease, have removed from what is called the stage of active life—persons who have been obliged to abandon the responsible offices of existence, and are no longer executors in general affairs; persons, in fact, set aside from many a Christian service in which they had once delighted, who cannot often attend Church, or visit the poor, or minister to the afflicted. For these, and such as these, I have been directed to preach. The case is not that of simple old age, but of debilitated age; comprehending in part the phenomena so affectingly related in sacred writ, of the light, the natural sight being darkened, of desire failing, and the grasshopper becoming a burden.

I was to say a word at once of duty and of hope;—what obligations devolve to this condition of life, what incentives may still animate the bosom, what there is, in brief, for such persons to do, and what to enjoy.

The fault of Old Age is querulousness; its misfortune, childishness; its crown is wisdom, and its prerogative, advice: its necessity is rest.

The ideal of this period is indicated by the word green; and so we speak of a green old age; a pleasant allusion to the fields and woods, when we see the grass and the trees preserving the vividness of their color too late in season. The scriptures point to the same ideal in a similie borrowed likewise from nature; "thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season."

Old Age has a claim on our reverence, a claim which is not more according to the word of God, than agreeable to the natural feelings; hence the command—"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man," is kept as much from instinct as from principle.

The Bible, as we see, finds its types in nature, or rather, if I may so say, expresses its feelings and translates its ideas to us through natural objects, making of this material creation both an emblem and an interpreter of the divine mind.

Acting upon this suggestion, we may find many things in the world about us to afford cheerful views and animating reflections as to the topic in hand. In opposition to the notion that age must be gloomy, I might refer to the exceeding gladsomeness of the declining day; an hour withdrawn indeed, from the glare and the bustle of noon, yet often fraught with solid and sufficing interest, rich in form and coloring, pervading the heart with a quiet but sustained rapture; and, as if the heavens were nearer then than at mid-day, inundaing us with religion, poetry and love.

I might also liken age to the fall of the year, which, if it be sober, is beautiful, and ceases to be green only to be golden. In Autumn, rare tints, unexpected groupings and piquant contrasts, and many a hidden mystery of light and shade, are revealed. The growth of summer, the rapid processes of germination and fructification, are arrested indeed; but compensated likewise in that which pleases the eye and soothes the heart.

So Old Age, the noon and the summer of its days being over, may glow with an attractive lustre, develop many a hidden excellence, and even fade into loveliness, passing from action to virtue, exchanging the usefulness of labor for the sanctitude of repose, and leaving off the glory of youth which is strength, put on the beauty of old men, which is the gray head.

The Bible alludes pathetically and joyously to the flowers, and is fully alive to their goodliness and sweetness, and speaks through them to our youthful and hopeful susceptibilities. The Bible is equally true to the fruits of the earth. And what says it? It describes certain ones *who shall bring forth fruit in their old age*, who shall be fat and flourishing. The garden blushing with a varied inflorescence, the hill-side impearled with snow-drops and anemones, are beautiful; but more beautiful, perhaps, is the orchard bending with its mellow fruit. The vines with the tender grape give a good smell, but the pleasant words of wisdom are as an honey comb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones.

There is in this connection one troublesome question, that is, Whether one is really old or not? This is a point of hesitancy and uncertainty; we gravitate about it a good while, alternately attracted and repelled. We do not like at first to admit the truth, we try to mend the broken pitcher, we splice the silver cord, we preserve the manners even when we have lost the vigor of youth.

But let it be conceded that one has grown old, for the purposes of this discourse it is necessary that that question should be determined, and fully recognizing his position as on the declivity of life, one is supposed to inquire after the way before him.

Yet perhaps in this very thing, in making up one's mind that he is old or infirm, are involved some of the trials incident to the period of which we speak. We revolt, in the first place, at the thought of being old, and in the second place, at acting old. The difficulties that attach to conviction belong also to conduct. Yet the same processes of thought and feeling that carry us through the preliminary step may attend us in the succeeding ones. You know that you are old or infirm, not merely by reckoning your birth days, but by indubitable signs. Perhaps you feel as Barzillai did, even if you have not reached his years: "Can I taste what I eat or drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? Wherefore should I yet be a burden unto you?" Well, if this be so, if the fact of age or infirmity be past dispute, in the next place, accept the consequences of that fact. In other words, what I wish to say is, Acquiesce in being old. Conform to the necessities and demands of your new position. Let it be that you must, to a certain extent, seem old, and behave old, and move old, and be taken for old. Your limbs have lost a portion of their elasticity—your right hand forgets its cunning—your eye is not so precise, nor your mind so quick, as it used to be. Acquiesce in this, we say. Dr. Johnson, who seemed to have an instinct for delving in the dark things of human nature, and who certainly exhibits a deal of information in that way, alluding to the reasons why the old are not always happy, says: "If dotards will contend with boys in those performances in which boys must always excel them, if they will dress crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavor at gayety with faltering voices, and darken assemblies of pleasure with the ghastliness of disease, they may well expect that those who find their diversions obstructed will hoot them away." He adds, "It is absolutely necessary that the old should give themselves to the duties of declining years, and contentedly resign to youth its levity, its pleasures, its frolics, and fopperies. It is a hapless endeavor to unite the contrarieties of spring and winter."

In opposition to all such folly as this, I can conceive of a *Manly* Old Age, as something not only desirable but possible; a condition, circumscribed indeed by weakness, and destined to decay; but which nevertheless shall be true to itself, which bears with a cheerful grace its proper limitations, is independent in its own sphere, and is never ashamed to be taken at its own worth; and does not disguise what nature and providence have designed to make apparent.

We speak of the infirmities of age, yet are not those infirmities after all very considerably confined within the physical frame, and the external life, while they leave the seat of thought and feeling untouched? May not the intellect retain some of its clearness, and the heart its fervor, amid other ravages of time?

As to the intellect, history furnishes instructive examples of its versatility and fertileness at an advanced age. Cato was eighty, of the same age as Barzillai before named, when he began to learn Greek. Tellier, Chancellor of France, studied logic, merely for amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren. Dryden's most pleasing productions were written in his old age. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were the composition of his latest years. Michael Angelo preserved his creative genius for an incredible length of time, reaching his ninetieth year, and working almost to his last day.

I am of opinion that one cause of the decline of the intellect in old age is, that it is not sufficiently employed during the preceding time. At least, I would suggest that a healthful and industrious occupation of the mental powers tends to protract their vigor and preserve their integrity. I know the mind may be overtasked, and ruined by excessive application. Yet I think it will be found that those who have the best minds in old age are those who have cultivated their minds most assiduously in youth and manhood.

We speak sometimes of person's minds breaking down. Nay, so to speak, they never had much mind; they had strong muscles, and an energetic will, and intense passions, they had much routine, and many habits; these fail, and there is nothing left. The reading of books, contemplation of the great volume of nature, the exercise of high and holy thought, the practice of inquiry and investigation, intelligent attention to what is about us, will keep the mind fresh and bright for a long while, as frequent use preserves the polish of steel.

However this may be, there is, I think, in old age, a large margin for the affections. We can love when we cannot think, or work. The ties that bind an old man to the earth become, I know, sadly ruptured, but there are sound ones left. Many of his friends and acquaintance, many of his kindred and stock are dead, but there remain a few on whom he may lavish emotion, and by whom kindly sentiments will be reciprocated. Let aged people cultivate and exercise all the grace and beauties, all the depth and tenderness of the heart. We are never too old to retain an attachment to something. If you have not children, you may have grandchildren; if these are not, there are the inmates of the house you inhabit; if it be possible, let these see that you love them; though your face be furrowed by years, it may still be animated and illumed by generous feelings. The light of the body is the eye, and even if by reason of age the natural sight be abated, still that eye may shine with the welcome radiance of pure affection.

You cannot play with the children; can you not love to see them play? You cannot go out with the young man to his labor; can you not cheer him with a kind word? You cannot assist in public enterprises; can you not rejoice in their success?

A loving heart will expand the contracted features, supple the stiffened joints, enliven inertiæ, and hide defects. It will be God's gift in earthern vessels, aye, in broken pitchers.

It has been intimated that the aged have duties. If they can no longer be busy and productive stewards in the vineyards of the Lord, there is entrusted to them a sort of passive superintendency. They can sit and look on; they can criticise the routine of things; they can introduce a caution here, or a promise there; they can supply lessons from their own experience, and hold the light of their past history over the present and the future of the generation about them. They can diffuse serenty among troubled elements, and harmonize discord and disarm faction. It is given to age not alone to restrain the ardor, but sometimes to encourage the despondency of youth. It is the privilege of age to be consulted, and this privilege, by cheerfulness and judiciousness, may be turned to great account. An old man, never moving from his chair, may become the arbiter and director of very considerable destinies.

In saying what I have now said, I am constantly reminded of another thing,—I mean, the antecedencies of age. I think, on examination, we shall discover that many of what we call the imperfections and short-comings of old persons may be traced to the errors of former days. I have already intimated as much in speaking of the intellect. Those remarks may be amplified. Persons' minds, we say, wear out because they are not properly used.

In general terms, their capacities wear out because they are not properly used. A mother has great capacity for house-work; she uses that capacity by doing all the work, and not instructing her daughters how to work. Well, she becomes advanced in years, or enfeebled by disease, and her capacity for helping on the household is entirely lost, because she did not employ that capacity aright. Her daughters consult her, but she can tell them nothing because she never did tell them anything; she always did the work herself. I have known mothers, who happened to be laid aside from their post awhile, who could not answer the simplest domestic question. Therefore, I repeat, the mind ought to be cultivated, or rather the intellectual relations of things should be observed, so that if our bodies are incapacitated, we shall still be able to communicate intellectually and effectively with what is going on.

Wherefore, inasmuch as in this discourse, I designed a word for such as are not old, but may sometimes attain that title, I may here say, that if when you are old, you would be consulted advantageously, and turn your age to the best account, it is incumbent on you to take note of what has been said, and see to it that you be not content merely with the habit of doing things, even if you do them well, but that you reflect upon the rationale of what you do—treasure in your memories some of the principles of the most common domestic affairs, learn the law of proportions, adjuncts, times and seasons, so shall you be abundantly furnished for a useful old age.

Another duty of the aged is to be charitable to the young. A wide space separates these two parties. They look upon life with wholly different feelings. They occupy latitudes of impression, purpose, design, as remote as the pole from the tropics. If the old have not sympathy with the young, they can judge them with candor. They can remember that they themselves have been young; they can recall the pleasant colors in which youth looks upon the world—they can remember how delightful and even sufficing were many things which it would be folly to undertake now. An old man, although he may have lost his relish as well as his fitness for sports, cannot forget that recreation was once a law of his nature, as it is of all human nature. While indeed he will ever be on the alert to anticipate whatever is dangerous or base, he will encourage what is innocent, and direct in what is safe. The boisterousness of youth will sometimes shock the gravity of age, but it need not upset its equanimity.

I have on former occasions indicated some of the duties which the young owe to the old. I know not that those observations need to be renewed.

These duties undoubtedly are reciprocal.—Youth has vast obligations to age; obligations which ought to be tenderly respected, and conscientiously discharged.

But my present point is that the old owe something to the young. While they cannot easily forget their own reverses, disappointments, and sorrow, it is hardly fair, it is hardly wise, to cast the concentrated shadow of a whole life's experience upon the steps or the hearts of those who are coming after them.

We concede to age, indeed, the crown of wisdom; but this crown can only be acquired by living to be old. Wisdom is a product of knowledge and experience, and one must have some knowledge and experience in order to be wise. Therefore it is that the wisdom of one is not wholly available for another. In other words, as to some things, every one must learn for himself, and grow wise out of his own life. Wherefore it follows that aged people, however wise they may be, should not seek arbitrarily to impose their wisdom on youth; but should concede to it space to grow wise of itself in.

Another duty of age is cheerfulness. We have said a fault of advancing years was querulousness. This is a disagreeable quality, uncomfortable to the possessor, odious to the observer. We propose cheerfulness not only as a good in itself, but as an antidote to this evil. 'Every old man," says Dr. Johnson, before quoted, complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the period in which his youth was passed." I doubt if this complaint be well founded. Insubordination and irregularity, rashness and frivolity characize youth in all its successions; and these things appear very differently when contemplated from the heights of a staid senility, and when we are their actual agents and supporters. Let us rather think that we have grown very sensitive, and not that the world has grown worse. Let the old man look cheerfully upon life, being thankful that he has lived it, thankful too that there are others still to live it. Let him see something cheerful in the signs of the times, something cheerful in the rapid changes that transpire around him. Let him remember that this present world, (so far as terrestrial things are concerned,) as it is, is all that the young have to live in, and if there be nothing cheerful in it, their lot is a very pitiable one indeed. And especially he ought to recollect that if the times that now are, are very bad, he has had some hand in disordering them; that if the present world in which the youth are growing up is wholly vitiated, he has lived through it, and part of the evil he bemoans is but the trace of his own footsteps.

Furthermore, there is something for the aged to enjoy. We have spoken of those who could not often attend church, who were deterred from labors of active benevolence and religion. But now, as in apostolic times, every family may constitute a church. In order to create a church, and enjoy such privileges, it is not necessary there should be bishop or clergymen. Fathers in the primitive epoch, administered the holy communion to their children and their households, and families were churches. The cup of blessing may be in all our hands. God sanctifies his own presence, and love, and truth, to us, far more than the minister can do. The Bible speaks to us, as we have seen, through nature. The morning sun, and evening shade, the varied landscape, the lilies of the field, the ravens of the forest, are all messengers of the Divinity to the devout soul. The Holy Ghost with which Christ would baptize his people, cannot be conveyed by human hands,—it comes only through direct communication with Jesus.

However you may fail of the comforts of public worship with God's people, you need never be wanting in those inward tokens of your Heavenly Father's love. Then the Bible is yours, and prayer is yours, to solace yourself upon, to maintain heart and hope with, and wherefrom to derive that stay and staff on which declining years so love to lean.

You may enjoy your family, enjoy its enjoyments, be happy it its happiness, participate in its society, promote its friendships, bustle a little in its business, smile on its gayety, recount its history, and stimulate its hope.

I have seen little ones who did not love their grandfathers and grandmothers; who were afraid of them, and kept shy of them. The old people were too austere, too unbending, too censorious; this should not be. I know the children are often to blame; they are rude, careless, unmindful; but the grandparents may be to blame too, and it comports with my discourse to suffer this thought to remain uppermost. On the whole, I think it will be found that those children are the most docile, decorous, and mannerly who are treated by their grand-parents with the most kindness and freedom.

I would indeed never have the idea of authority displaced from the child's mind, nor the sceptre wrested from the grand-parent's hand; yet while the child obeys or the grand-parent commands, let them both love.

You cannot be happy alone, others must be happy with you. That this may be, you must seek to make them happy. You must cherish that spirit and preserve those manners that give a charm to visits and agreeablenes to companionship.

I have sometimes thought as people grow older they acquired a greater relish for the objects of nature. Shut out from society they commune with creation; abandoning trade and commerce they become attached to the quietness and beauty of material world. They notice the weather, they kindle at the sunset, the river is a stream of gladness in their hearts, a pot of flowers is a fragrant blossoming of their own feelings; this is an admirable provision of divine providence, which, as it will not suffer a tree to decay in the woods without covering it with moss, so supplies that period of human life, when the active powers fail, with many pleasant subjects of contemplation and repose. In this, those who would minister to the comfort of elderly people, may find a useful hint.

The hardship of old age is its loneliness—the result of a combined bereavement and separation. Joseph is not, and they will take away Benjamin also. The olive plants around the table have been torn off—some smitten by death, some transplanted to other soils, and the table is silent and empty. What with the decay of personal strength, it is hard to bear up under the loss of those outward props. Religion is needed, faith is needed, the comforts and promises of the gospel, how precious at such a moment. There is one thought in this connection,—the aged have more friends in Heaven than others, and if faithful to their duty, they will be there sooner than any body else. We speak of the translation of flowers to the celestial fields; we do well to remember that fruit is carried there also, that the ripe harvest of a holy life is gathered by the angelic reapers.

Finally, my friends, this discourse is fertile in reflection to all of us. We have duties to the aged, it devolves to us to assist feebleness, and wait on solitude—to smooth the descent of years, and remove the fears that be in the way. It devolves to us likewise to anticipate our own old age; to invest happiness in virtue, to stock our souls with imperishable wealth, to lay up, like the ant, against the winter of our days.

God "grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime,
An age that melts in unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
The general favorite as the general friend,
Such age there is, and who would wish its end?"

A man who acquires fame by overtasking himself commonly impairs his faculties, and suffers the mortification of sinking below the level to which he had forced himself. It is better to have a reputation below one's ability than above it.

AN IMPULSIVE PIETY.

This is what is very much needed. But a distinction must be made between a piety that is practically energetic, from principle as well as feeling, principle and feeling combined, and a piety that manifests and is dependent upon merely fitful impulses. A fitful piety may be the result of disease, but cannot be the result of health. A fitful piety may at intervals exhibit great energy; but so may a man having St. Vitus's dance. A healthful and constant energy, for use, not for startling show, is what is needed.

Now by an impulsive piety, we mean a piety of warm and fervent impulses from the love of Christ, the love of souls, and every Christian grace, indeed, connected with the feelings, and passing from them into life. By an impulsive piety we mean not what is generally called a fitful piety, but a piety of heavenly impulses, impelling to a constant course of heavenly action. Our blessed Lord described an impulsive piety when he said it was his meat and drink to do the will of his Father in heaven. And an impulsive piety is a piety of love and cheerfulness.

A truly impulsive piety is a [illegible] keeps hard at work, and as soon as one thing is done for Christ, goes swiftly to another. An impulsive piety is a revival piety, because it is always springing up. But it does not make a man conclude that nothing at all is being accomplished for Christ, because there is not what is termed an actual revival going on round about him; but it makes him keep up his impulsive efforts, by the constant indwelling of the Spirit, whether others are at work or not. And at the same time, a man of true impulsive piety will not be always complaining in a melancholy mood, nor, if he be an officer in a church, will he be always mourning over the deadness of the church in his remarks or prayers in the prayer-meetings, because that rather tends to discouragement and gloom, than to impulse and excitement. But he will cheerfully trust in God, and tell others to do the same and go forward. Mourning in secret is good, very good. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. But complaining in a prayer-meeting, while the manner and tone of it are very catching, and very dispiriting, does not ordinarily produce mourning and contrition before God in secret. When the souls of a whole church are turned to God in earnest, and come together from secret heart-felt contrition before God, then his promise is fulfilled. They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them. But at such a time complaining is very much done with, and impulse sets in, with blessed action.

Now what we very much want is steady impulse springing from the Spirit and the Word of God in the soul, and constantly carried out into action. The devout Fletcher once said that he had fallen into the error of expecting lightning, rather than a steady fire by means of fuel. Now this is not the error of individual souls alone, longing for some extraordinary manifestation of divine grace, and almost demanding it as the sole condition and proof of experimental devotion to God; but it is too often the demand and expectation of our churches, even when in individual souls there is not this thirsting, longing and striving after God. The church sometimes makes a great outcry for lightning, when the fuel of a steady fire is not even applied, not brought in and kindled to burn for God. According to the proverb, there is great cry, but little wool. Fletcher said that he soon found out that the medium, by which the Spirit works, is the Word of Truth, and without that, we can have neither lightning nor a steady fire; and if the steady fire is allowed to go out, the lightning is but a mere imagination or delusion. And Christians are [illegible] looking sharp after lightning, when they should be at work by a steady fire, through the word of God and prayer.

Now if we expect God to keep up the fire, we must keep up the fuel, for that is a thing which he has appointed for us to do, and to keep the breath of prayer turned upon it continually. There is an inexhaustible supply of fuel in God's word, and it is not only fuel for the fire, but food for the life of grace in the soul. The great want in our churches is a steady, fervent, experimental use of it.

This is not only a want, but a deficiency. The minister alone cannot supply it, but each Christian must go to work for himself. Each Christian must come to God with strong crying and tears. That is a good impulsive piety. And none but God, by the powerful discipline and teaching of his Spirit and the word, can bring the soul to such an experimental understanding of divine things as is needed to constitute power. There may be a superficial understanding; but the letting down of the soul into the depths is what God only can accomplish; and God himself sometimes does it only through the instrumentality of years of suffering and of conflict. Second-hand learning is very cheap and common; second-hand experience is cheap and common also; and great multitudes are satisfied with that. But a soul that will be taught by the Spirit, will find it a very different thing. That kind of experience is neither cheap nor common. Like the Savior's love itself, if the soul will long and labor after it, it is costly, free, and knows no end. [Evangelist.

DR. BUSHNELL AND PROF. PARK.

We have before us Prof. Park's sermon, delivered before the Convention of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts, and the New York Independent, containing an account of the meeting of the General Association (Orthodox) of Connecticut, which was mainly occupied with the well known case of Dr. Bushnell.

We intend to make these a text for a few observations; and though the subject more properly belongs to a religious journal, our opposition to Hunkerism, whether of politics or the church, induces us to give them a place here. This production of Prof. Park marks (if we mistake not,) an era in the history of the Orthodoxy of Massachusetts. It is an evident sign that the age of "cast iron" theology is passing away. A close observer of the thoughts and activities of the age must have long since seen that they were tending towards liberalism in everything so far as mere matters of opinion were concerned, and the eloquent Andover Professor has merely given voice and tongue to the thought of the age, thereby reaping the eclat which always enures to the first eminent man who moulds the ideas which are floating confused and chaotic in the minds of men, and giving them shape and form throws them in elegant vesture before the world. Prof. Park sees the absurdity of compelling a man's assent to a form of mere words or denying him the appellation of Christian—"with the heart man believeth unto righteousness;" and when ardent and sincere belief of the heart is translated into language it often becomes as he has most truthfully said, (page 32):—

"Like the embalmed bodies of the ancient lords, their spirits fled, their eyes which once had speculation in them now lack lustre; they are dry bones, exceedingly dry."

In our present imperfect state, language but inadequately expresses the promptings of the mind; how unjust, then, to demand of the free immortal soul to subscribe to a formula of doctrine which takes the utterances of the heart as written by the pen of Inspiration in all the glowing colors of oriental imagery and condensing them into language of dogma, cold and heartless, insist upon its avowal of a belief in them thus condensed as a passport to salvation. We rejoice that Andover has the honor of being the first in Massachusetts to proclaim the beatings of the public heart in this matter, and gladly do we hope for the dawn of that day so elegantly described by its professor, (page 35):—

"When the intellect will yet be enlarged so as to gather up all the discordant representations of the heart and employ them as the complements or embellishments or emphasis of the whole truth—that the heart will be so expanded and refined as to sympathize with the most subtile abstractions of the intellect—*that many various forms of faith will yet be blended into a consistent knowledge like the colors in a single ray;* and thus will be ushered in the reign of the Prince of Peace," &c.

But whatever advances towards Christian toleration are making in Massachusetts, in Connecticut they seem far enough from any such consummation. From reading the report of the meeting of the General Association there, one would suppose he was reading the proceedings of some religious body two hundred years ago, when different sects showed their devotion to "the faith once delivered to the saints" by bitter and unrelenting persecution of those who were out of the pale of *their* branch of the church of Christ, and in their zeal for sound doctrine incurred the reproach of neglecting the weightier matters of the law, "judgment and *mercy.*" Who and what is Dr. Bushnell, that he should be the shining mark for such envenomed hate, as from Dr Tyler and Mr. Atwater's remarks we judge they and their associates feel towards him? Dr. Bushnell is a gentleman of high order of mind, who is settled over a large and respectable congregation in Hartford; against whose moral character slander never breathed a word of reproach, distinguished not less for his interest in everything calculated to advance the cause of humanity and pure religion than for his eminent abilities that make him an honor to New England. With a mind that felt that advance in Theological science was as natural and certain as advance in the other sciences, and that in the progress of language (ever imperfect as a medium of conveying ideas) words would come to signify something different from what the authors intended when written; he takes the ideas contained in the creed of the orthodox church and endeavors to popularize them,—not by denying their truth as his enemies have alleged, but by giving the pith and marrow of the gospel in a *common sense dress*, and by insisting more upon *practical* godliness as a test of Christian character, than upon a mere theoretic formal orthodoxy. For this purpose he delivered and then printed in his "God in Christ," three discourses upon the principal doctrines, a belief in which is considered by the orthodox denominations as essential to salvation, where the idea indicated above was elaborated, fortified, and illustrated in his usual able manner. These discourses seem to have made a most singular commotion in the religious world everywhere, but especially in Connecticut, where the press and pulpit both seem to have been put in requisition to crush the man so bold as to endeavour to reconcile *Theology with common sense.* It needs no great sagacity to see that had these gentlemen the power they certainly have the will, to revive the *Inquisition*, and by the application of the thumb screw, or the rack, or the faggot, force the bold preacher to retract his "heresy," or suffer for his contumacy. We do not mean to write a defence of Dr. Bushnell's work; it would require much more time and space than we have to spare. But if we recur to the simple teachings of Jesus, will not the conclusion be forced upon our minds, that too long have the religious world been fighting about dogmas,—too long have they neglected the interests of humanity,—too long has the example of their great Teacher, "who went about doing good," been lost upon them?

"For," says Dr. B., (page 16) "there is most assuredly to be a time when the apostolic spirit of religion will be restored, and resume its sway in the world—when our narrow and restrictive dogmas, our forms of opinion elevated into measures of piety, our low views of faith, and our legal, unaspired charities; in a word, the huge piles of wood, hay and stubble we have accumulated, will be burned up in the original fires of the apostolic age, rekindled in the Church. And in the restored simplicity, the enlarged union, the quickened and quickening life of that day which I hope may not be distant, it may possibly be found that views such as I have here offered, have more of the Christian spirit and power than many are now able to believe."

When that day comes, what will then be thought of this meeting of the General Association of Connecticut? What will then be thought of the persecution of this great and good man? We will not anticipate the verdict of history; but we fear, unless a speedy retraction is made of the measures hitherto pursued by the gentlemen composing this religious body, posterity will class them with the vindictive Mary, the infamous Claverhouse, and other persecutors for opinion's sake—not as in degree, to be sure, but in kind. Do they covet this honor? Are they ambitious of the distinction of fiercely contending for Orthodoxy, while neglecting the practical duties of religion? "Not every one that *saith* Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, but he that *doeth the will* of my Father which is in Heaven."

A preacher as gifted as Dr. Bushnell, whose eloquence is and will be the theme of all lands so long as the Bible circulates, stood before an august tribunal, equally as learned and as zealous for the truth as the General Association of Connecticut; and when rebuked for his doctrine by Festus, (who thought, with some of the defamers of Dr. B., that much learning had made him mad) replied with the boldness of assured inspiration, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of *truth* and soberness." It is not time that these assumed "defenders of the faith" should cease persecuting one who adorns the doctrines he professes to teach, lest haply at the last they may be compelled also to declare—he "speaks the words of truth." May Professor Park and Dr. Bushnell long be spared to inculcate upon the religious world the much neglected truths, that out of "the abundance of the *heart* the mouth speaketh;" "and if our *heart* condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God."—[Emancipator and Republican.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

From Dr. Howe's interesting report on the Institution for the Blind, we make the following extracts respecting Laura Bridgeman:—

LAURA'S PRESENT STATE.

At the period when the last mention was made of her in our Annual Report, she had gained a sufficient knowledge of language to converse freely, by means of the finger alphabet, on all topics which would be understood by girls generally of twelve years old. She had begun to come into relation with a variety of persons; with the teachers and pupils in the school for the blind, all of whom could converse rapidly and easy with her. She had become intimate with several instructed deaf mutes, and had formed quite an extensive circle of acquaintance, with ladies for the most part, who had taken pains to learn the manual alphabet, and with whom she was very fond of talking.

These influences were found to be favorable to the developement of her character, and she was left to them. I thought it better to pursue this course than keep her as strictly under the influence of her teacher's mind as she had been in the early period of her instruction. She needed, however, and has continued to have, special instruction. Miss Sarah White has continued to give all her time and attention to her education. She has been to her a constant companion, friend, teacher and exemplar. She has devoted herself to Laura for years, by day and by night, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, with zeal, patience and discretion, and has had a wholesome influence upon her mind, heart and character.

I can claim no other credit for the improvement which Laura has made in latter years, than that of securing for her such a teacher. If she is short-coming of any natural qualification for the task she undertook, at my urgent request, I can only say, on the other hand, it would be very cruel to find any one who possesses so many natural and acqured qualifications for so novel and arduous an undertaking. Her success has been great. She has done far better than I could have done. Her gentleness and equanimity of temper have tended to keep her pupil in that happy mean between excesses of feeling, to which persons of her temperament are constitutionally disposed.

Laura loves her and respects her, and makes no severer criticism upon her than the playful one in the following extract from her little diary:

"I had a very pleasant day. I have been very hilarious. I could not help laughing incessantly. My mind is very full of drollery and mirthfulness. *I wish that my dear teacher would have a little share of my mirthfulness.* She does not like fun as well as I do. I love fun so much.

"As I was very busily engaged at 11 o'clock, I was agreeably interrupted by some circumstances which occurred unexpectedly. It was [the entrance of] my old teacher. She took my dirty right hand greeting me very warmly—who wore gloves.

"I asked her how she liked our Sunny Home, she said she admired it very much. She surveyed it with much interest. She asked me whose the boquet of flowers were. I assuredly told her, that they belonged to Miss W. She returned that they smelt very fragrantly and delicious.—E altered her mind at length as she could not stay as long as she [had] hoped."

The words included between brackets are added; the rest is an exact copy, *punctuatim et literatim*, from her diary, which she writes in a legible hand.

LAURA'S HABITS OF LIFE.

Her health has not been uniformly good and there have been times when we were alarmed about her. She lost her appetite, pined away, and became very feeble, though her spirits did not flag; she bore up bravely, recovered, and became again strong, active and buoyant with animal spirits and gayety.

She is fond of exercice in the open air, and walks from four to six miles daily, besides taking care, of her room, and occupying herself about the house. Her diet is spare and simple. She eats rather to satisfy hunger than to tickle her palate.

Her life is very uniform. This is found to be necessary, because departure from her usual habits causes excitement, which is sometimes injurious.

She is a light sleeper, and wakes at an early hour. Her capacity for perceiving the lapse of time seems uncommonly good, and, with the aid of certain regularly occurring events, enables her to ascertain pretty accurately the hour. For instance, she often perceives, by a slight vibration of the floor and walls, when any of the domestics are astir, and she rises immediately. She then takes her bath, arranges her hair very neatly, and with much care, for the day, puts on a common dress, and proceeds to put her room in order. Not a scrap of paper, not a particle of dirt escapes her notice. She puts up every book in the case, the furniture in order, and makes everything tidy. If she completes this task before it is time to go to breakfast, she sits down and sews diligently during the few moments there may be to spare.

At the table, she helps herself to her food, and manages her fork and spoon very dexterously.—She eats moderately, and with great deliberation, sitting a long while at her meals, and never likes to be hurried. She loves to have some one within reach, with whom she can occasionally exchange words.

After breakfast, the teacher reads to her portions of the Scriptures, and then takes a sort of review of her conduct and actions the day before, making such remarks in condemnation or criticism as may be desirable. Her diary is then examined and criticised. Her letters are also examined, (for she has many correspondents) to see if they are legibly written.

She is aware that the countenance is an index of the state of mind,

a man of some wordly inheritance, and he would gladly give her the shelter of his home for life.—She loves her parents and her brother, but she could could not find in their remote village the means of continual culture and improvement, which are to her the bread of life, and appetite for which grows by what it feeds upon. She desires to possess what she knows to be the key to many of the pleasures and advantages of life—to wit, money—and is beginning to gather it together in her small way. She works constantly, making bags, purses, &c., which are sold, and the profits paid to her. It is evident however, she cannot earn enough, by ever so diligent use of her fingers, to give her a competence.—Other means she has none, though she sometimes, with pleasing simplicity, says she has.—In a late conversation with Miss Bremer, Laura asked her, with perfect simplicity, whether she found that writing books "paid well." "Pretty well," was the reply.—Upon which Laura eagerly rejoined, "Do you think, if I should write a book, it would pay well?"

Perhaps, by a little effort on the part of her friends, money enough might be raised to buy for her a life-annuity, which would place her beyond the reach of pecuniary want, and secure to her the attendance and companionship of some young lady who could be to her what Miss Wright has so long been. Laura will do what she can, diligently and cheerfully, to perform those duties and labors of life, of which every conscientious person should discharge his proper share. She asks no one to do for her what she can do for herself. She wishes no one to be her menial or servant. She has already done some service in her day, and generation, by setting forth in her department, under her sore afflictions, the native dignity of the human character. She has shown in what degree the spirit is dependent upon the senses for its manifestation and enjoyment. She has shown how little the factitious and arbitrary distinctions of life are necessary to happiness. She is, however, utterly dependent upon human sympathy and aid for the continuance of her happiness, and even her life. She can appeal only as she has done, by the mute exhibition of her helplessness, for that sympathy and aid. Hitherto it has been proffered with eagerness and abundance. May it never be withheld; may an hour of need never come to her; but may new friends be raised up to her, when those who now watch over her with the tender solicitude of parents can watch over and comfort her no longer upon earth!

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, July 20, 1850.

A NATIONAL CRISIS.

We do not think ourselves old; but have lived long enough to hear our speedy national downfall predicted at least half a dozen times as the necessary consequence of certain measures, if they should be adopted. They were adopted, and still we have gone on, the most prosperous people on the face of the earth. At first, we believed these solemn predictions of our great men; but gradually we have got hardened to them We *expect* now a *crisis* about once in four years; but we have learned that "the State will bear a great deal of killing." The truth is, that whatsoever is full of life is full also of danger. The very passions, energies, impulses, the freedom of thought and speech, the moral intelligence and individuality, that constitute our strength, expose us to violent collisions, which seem as if they must overthrow our government. If there were opinions only on one class of subjects, we might have reason to fear the result. But the diversity of points at issue, while it makes our public life one of incessant contest, really secures our safety; since in our national councils, there are no two considerable classes of men who on some exciting topics are not during a session of Congress brought to bend all their energies towards the accomplishment of the same result. Webster and Cass, Benton and Davis, John C. Calhoun and John P. Hale, however adverse to each other in their general views of national policy, are yet on matters of the most engrossing interest, found uniting their efforts, and laboring for a common object.

In this way the violence of sectional and party asperities is softened down, and time is not given for the embodiment and array of local jealousies under political organizations permanent enough to settle into an established hatred. The rising up, now and then, of a third or fourth party, though for a time it adds to the confusion and violence of party strife, serves to mitigate what otherwise might be the confirmed and dangerous antipathy of two great national parties.

In addition to these causes, which are constantly operating and which will become more powerfully conservative in their influence as our extending and increasing population shall multiply new political issues, Providence in another way is often cooling down the heated passions of our public men. The death of Mr. Adams, and the eulogies passed upon him by those who had most violently assailed him, with the general grief that followed him to the grave, could not but do something to cement us together as one people, having a common inheritance in the reputation of our great men. The death of Mr. Calhoun, with the general eulogium on his virtues which rose spontaneously through the the whole land, must have had a similar effect. And now the death of President Taylor, casting a shade over the feelings of millions, and bequeathing to us all the inheritance of his fame—a reputation tarnished by no act of cruelty or injustice—the death of President Taylor whom we had just learned to honor and love, leaving a whole nation as a bereaved family, must draw us together more closely in the bonds of a common affection made real to us by the experience of a common grief. "If,"—to use the impressive language of Mr. Webster—"if these inestimable and inappreciable blessings shall have been secured to us even by the death of Zachary Taylor, they have not been purchased at too high a price—and if his spirit, from the regions to which it has ascended, could see these results—could see that he had entwined a patriot's laurel around a martyr's crown, he would say exultingly, happy am I, that by my death I have done more for that country which I have loved and served than I did or could do by all the devotion and all the efforts that I could make in her behalf, during the short span of my earthly existence."

There is only one thing which we dread as fatal to our national security. Acts of injustice, whether against individuals or nations, perpetrated, continued and enforced by our national councils, must, like private wrongs, sooner or later be their own terrible avengers; and the public man who for the purpose of averting some impending calamity or silencing the threats of angry men, acquiesces in what he knows to be unjust measures, is seeking to screen us from the wrath of weak mortals like ourselves by calling down upon us the avenging judgments of the Almighty.

MILFORD, MASS.—The Unitarians of Milford have provided a place for public worship, and Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, preached there last Sabbath for the purpose of aiding them to establish a society.

EVELYN'S DIARY.

An improved edition of Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence has been recently published in England. Evelyn seems to have possessed signally attractive manners, and a thoroughly upright, affectionate, and amiable character. While he was by no means a person of the highest genius, he was possessed of very extended information in literature, art, science and nearly all branches of human knowledge. He published a large number of works, held various offices under government, was an extensive traveller, was actively engaged in scientific pursuits, and took deep interest in the political movements of the age. His friends were from among all parties and comprised in their number nearly all the most eminent men of the time. He was born in 1620, and died in the 68th year of his age, having lived during the times of Charles I. Cromwell, Charles II. James II. and William. His Journal, which commenced in 1647, was continued till within three weeks of his death in 1700, extending over a period of 53 years. He was one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society, he had Jeremy Taylor for his "ghostly father" and was the friend of such men as Boyle and Bentley, as well as of those prominent in courts and camps.

In reading the Diary, we have been struck by the narrow limits within which political foresight is confined, and by the illustration furnished of the way in which the prospects of nations depend on the amount of intelligence diffused among the people. Evelyn was a wise man and a really liberal man, but he was persuaded that the welfare of England was identified with the Monarchy and the Church. When Charles I. was executed, to him the sun went down, and it rose not again over England till Charles II. returned. Charles to him was a martyr. His acts gave no occasion for complaint, while the English people were rebels. The funeral of Ireton was attended by "General Cromwell and his mock-parliament men," and he goes to visit the Chapel "where they have laid our blessed Martyr, King Charles." He saw nothing wrong in Charles attempting to raise ship-money and nothing satisfactory in the attempt of the "usurper Oliver" to build up the English navy. To his first college tutor's name, George Bradshaw, he appends the qualification "*nomen invisum*," for no reason, apparently, except its resemblance to the name of one of Charles' judges. He witnessed the superb funeral of the Protector, and "it was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw." He knows nothing with which to compare Charles II.'s return but that of "the Jews from the Babylonish captivity."

He met the quarters of the executed regicides "mangled and cut, and reeking, as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on a hurdle," and exclaims, "Oh! the miraculous providence of God;" and a little after, he says; "This day (oh the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcases of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton, dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster, among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there, from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride, being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658, (Oliver's funeral,) and be astonished! and fear God and honor the King: but meddle not with them who are given to change." One of the topics of political sermons at this time, was the duty of punishing "the old King's murderers." Thus did things appear to the calm, judicious, and well-informed man. The accidents of the monarchy were to him all in all, and when they were swept away, it seemed as if England was ruined; while we in looking back, see that the weakness of England was in the frivolous and depraved manners, or tyrannical principles, of the King and nobility, and that the prosperity of England since then has depended on the existence of men to whom the law of God was supreme. We see that the mistakes of such men were better than the wisdom of their opponents.

We would draw from the diary a lesson for our own times. Statesmen plan and contrive for the future, but whatever these plans may be, if unrighteous, they will before long come into conflict with the everlasting law of God; while of all that is now proposed or done, nothing will remain to vindicate its wisdom, but what is in harmony with that law. The first question with a great statesman is, "What is just?" for to know what is just, is to know what shall approve itself, in the end, to be wise.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Children remarkable for the early developement of their powers, are much less rare than is sometimes supposed, and while this precocity gives no assurance that the man shall be as remarkable as the child, it is not, on the other hand, of itself an indication of either bodily or mental disease. So far from it, it is, on the whole, a hopeful sign. In general the germs appear in the child, which come to maturity in manhood. When the precocity consists not in the disproportionate developement of a single faculty, but in the well-balanced activity of the whole mind, it may be regarded as a pretty sure token of eminence in after years. We suspect that most men, who have been remarkable for character or genius, have in early life given pretty clear omens of what they were to be. The decided and energetic man was probably a decided and energetic boy. The man distinguished for self-controlling, foreseeing wisdom, was probably quite as distinguished for good sense in his boyhood. Among the most eminent men of genius, the cases are numerous in which there was a very early exhibition of those powers for which they were afterwards remarkable. Not to mention such persons as Crichton and Picus Mirandola, Pascal wrote a treatise on Conic Sections in his sixteenth year, and Leibnitz and Newton, at a very early date, gave clear proof of possessing the wonderful genius which they afterwards displayed.

It by no means follows, however, that the precocious child shall be a wonderful man. Not a few turn out like Zerah Colburn, their brilliancy being like that of a lamp fed by poor oil, which shines clearly only when it is first lighted. Sometimes it is a diseased action of a single faculty, generally the memory. We have known of a case where one nearly idiotic could on hearing a sermon repeat the greater part of it, verbatim. We knew a boy in a country school, who when under four years of age, and before he was able to read, could spell all the common words of the language, having caught them unawares from the classes he heard recite, but who in every thing but this was quite an ordinary child.

We have been led to this subject by reading in Evelyn's Journal an account of several children who exhibited this early precocity. One of his own children, who died at five years and three days old, he describes as a "prodigy for wit and understanding, for beauty of body a very angel, for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes." He had learned "almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words," was familiar with grammar, could turn English into Latin and Latin into English, had begun the study of Greek, and had made such progress in mathematics as to be able to demonstrate divers propositions of Euclid. He seems to have been as remarkable in character, as in intellect, and the account of him by his father is characterised alike by its pathos and Christian resignation.

He describes another child, William Wotton, who at five years old could read and translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. At the age of thirteen, he both "read and perfectly understood Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Syriac, and most of the modern languages;" disputed in divinity, law, and all the sciences; was skilful in history both ecclesiastical and profane; in politics; in a word was so universally and solidly learned at eleven years of age, that he was looked on as a miracle. What was more wonderful than his vast memory, was his judgment and invention. He was also dexterous in chronology, antiquities and mathematics, and yet withal, "a very humble child."

Another still more remarkable, the son of a Dr. Cleuch, not twelve years old, was examined by Evelyn and Mr. Popys. They found him "thoroughly master" of chronology, history, ancient and modern geography, and the several systems of astronomy, courses of the stars, &c., &c. He was familiar with all ancient history sacred and profane, with that of the Lower Empire, the Popes, the Schisms and Councils, and explained the tenets of the Gnostics, Sabellians, Arians, Nestorians and the chief controversies of the Church. They questioned him respecting the civil laws, the digest, and the code. "He gave a stupendous account of both natural and moral philosophy and even in metaphysics." He was master of arithmetic, was perfect in the Latin authors, spake French naturally and had newly entered into Greek, and "all their questions he answered, as one who had learned things without book—as if he minded other things, going about the room and toying with a parrot, seeming to be full of play, of a lively, sprightly temper, always smiling and exceeding pleasant, without the least levity, rudeness, or childishness." He was as earnest at his play as at his study.

Where this precocity exists, it is of great moment that it should be kept under wise guidance. The failure of precocious children to meet the expectations formed of them, very commonly arises from the failure of health, or from moral defects. The course of a parent who is blessed with a promising child, would seem to be plain. The last thing to be done, is to stimulate its intellect. That is active enough already. The great things to be attended to, are its physical health and its morals; those years of education are best employed, which do most towards giving it a healthy body and healthy moral feelings. When this is done, one may be reasonably confident that the intellect will be developed with sufficient rapidity, while a proper balance will be maintained between all the powers and capacities of the man.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

In some of the Episcopalian newspapers, there is a rumor credited from England, that the Bishop of Exeter is about to secede to the Church of Rome. But he is not about doing so. We say so positively.

The Episcopalian Church is much troubled with what this prelate has done, is doing, and may do. But trouble there need be none about his doing such a thing as apostatize. He is not of a character to be false to the position he is in. There are qualities in him, that may be safely reckoned on. From what he has been, it may be well guessed what he will be. He will be no apostate Bishop. Not he!

He is not a man to secede from the Thirty-nine Articles and a crosier, nor from Episcopacy and a peerage. In the present state of the world he would much rather pray according to the Book of Common Prayer. He is not a man to love, above all things, praying in Latin before a lot of poor Catholics. From the nature of his mind he is quite unlikely to apostatize from an Episcopal income of fifty thousand dollars a year. Seceder or apostate he will never be. Henry Phillpotts will die what he is, Henry, Bishop of Exeter. There are fifty thousand reasons and more, why Henry Phillpots should live Bishop of Exeter, as long as he can, and die so, when die he must.

His career is worth knowing of, on account of the society it has been effected in. From keeping a village school he has risen to be Bishop of Exeter. Once he had only three or four hundred dollars a year; but now he he has a palace to live in, rent-free, fifty thousand dollars yearly for himself, and good patronage for his children and nephews and friends. He was made a Bishop through a promise made to him by King George the Fourth. The King was a man, who could be served by Henry Phillpotts, and Henry Phillpotts was a man who could be serviceable to the King. The Bishop was invested with his holy functions through a man who was what most other men are not, it is to be hoped.

To the makers of Bishops, Henry Phillpotts was so useful, that they rewarded him with a bishopric. What was his usefulness? What wise course did he advise? None. What holy book of comfort, what learned work in theology did he publish? None whatever. He wrote more shrewdly than so. He wrote what are called great efforts. He wrote such things as every body reads the first week, and tears up the next year. He wrote such things as a man is reckoned great for, and gets well paid for. Henry Phillpotts was paid first with one office and then with another. At last he was paid in full with a bishopric for writing political pamphlets, all of them now forgotton, but said to have been talented and unscrupulous, able and scurrilous.

Now, will this rich man become a poor man for the sake of a scruple? Will this English prelate turn Catholic layman on a small matter of opinion? Is it likely that this Bishop will forego his peerage, and his holy office and his great income, merely because of a Royal decision, that baptism may be regarded not only as being salvation, but also as being simply a condition of salvation? From the way he became a Bishop, one would say, that Henry Phillpotts would never cease being a Bishop merely for a religious scruple or indeed for anything.

A few instances of his Episcopal behaviour have transpired publicly.

He withdrew the license to preach from a poor curate, because his wife had gone once or twice a year to a Methodist chapel. He told a wealthy rector, that he need not leave the church, but keep his anti-Trinitarian opinions to himself, and go on preaching.

He sustained a Puseyite clergyman at Exeter in the attempt to wear a surplice while preaching his sermon, though the mob rose against the innovation, and public meetings were held in the city, and troops of soldiers were poured into it. But on a hint from his superiors he yielded at once, and made the clergyman preach in black and not in white.

Once he went into the House of Lords and made a most serious charge against Archbishop Whately. The next evening, in the same place, Archbishop Whately proved not only that the charge was groundless, but that the Bishop of Exeter knew it was utterly false at the time he made it. On hearing this exposure of his calumny, the Bishop rose from his seat, on the Episcopal Bench, spoke not a word, but went out of the House, and did not enter it again for many months.

One Christmas Day the Bishop was at the sweet little town of Torquay. Christmas is one of the occasions on which the Athanasian creed is appointed to be read. The clergyman failed to begin reading it; whereon from the body of the church the Bishop called out "Whosoever will be saved." On the same occasion, during the Communion service, the clergyman softened a word and said "eateth and drinketh his own condemnation." On which the Bishop astonished the communicants by roaring out angrily "damnation."

The Bishop is a strict churchman. He is really desirous of having preached in his diocese the doctrine of the Church of England. And the higher the doctrine can be made out to be, perhaps the better he likes it. Theologically he would wish to speak along with the Church. If he is wrong, even then it is because she is not quite distinctly right. This is a thing that ought to be understood, especially by those who have laughed at the epitaph on him. In Exeter cathedral there is a tablet in commemoration of a Bishop of the old time, on which it is inscribed that underneath the floor lies Robert late Bishop of Exeter. On an adjacent stone was written once, "Henry Bishop of Exeter lies here and everywhere."

Now then will Henry Phillpotts turn Catholic layman? We say, that he will not. We are afraid that the man he has been, he will continue to be; and we are sure, that once a Bishop he will always be Bishop. And we are very certain that whether on the cathedral floor or not, he will underneath it, lie like a Bishop of Exeter, for a thousand years.

Now what is the moral of all this? For there is one. And it is a moral that is indisputable and worth minding. It is this—if you do not want to have men perfectly and properly and justly and altogether and unerringly confident of your selfishness, then do an unselfish thing now and then, once in ten years, or at least once in twenty years. Now let this moral be pondered by young men of twenty, trusting to become old men of seventy. W. M.

"THE CHRISTIAN SCHOLAR."

If the Oxford movement in England had dealt only in the poetry which it has produced, it would have resulted in almost unmingled good. Keble's "Christian Year," "Thoughts from Past Years," "The Cathedral," and now, "The Christian Scholar," are composed of poems which in our meditative moments we recur to as we should to some beautiful temple made sacred by the tears and prayers and devout resolutions of many generations. There is a stillness about them, like that of a secluded church—a fragrance as of incense—a harmony like distant music which only makes the silence more impressive, spreads around us an atmosphere of holiness and peace, or awakens in us longings as strong and gentle as they are pure.

We have been reading "The Christian Scholar," by the author of "The Cathedral." Its object is to turn to Christian uses the study of the ancient classics. The poems are preceded by a beautiful essay on the subject, and are divided into four parts. First, "Classical Complaints and Scriptural Remedies," where the wants of our nature, bewailed by the classical writers, are supplied from the Scriptures.

EPIGRAM ON THE GRAVE OF SOPHOCLES.

Gently above the silent grave
Where Sophocles doth sleep,
Soft ivy, let thy green leaves wave,
Around it gently creep.
There let the blooming rose arise,
And branching vine find place,
For honey-sweet, fair-worded, wise,
He blends both Muse and Grace.

The Christian counterpart to these sweet lines is as follows:

"All the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth forever. 1 Pet. i: 24.

A churchyard was all wrapt in gloom,
Except one early ray,
Which lit a Cross upon a tomb,
And far its shadow lay.
I noted long — my heart it filled,
Not unmixed with a tear,
A solemn awe my bosom stilled,—
It was a grave most dear.

The title to the second part of the book is, "Heathen Oracles confessing Christ," where the author, by his fine process of poetry and faith, distils a Christian sentiment from heathen words. We give a single specimen suggested by the words of Antigone, Ed. Col. 1693:

"I seem those very sufferings to regret:
Things irksome in themselves, yet for his sake
Were dear and welcome."

Antigone, that gentle guide
By her blind father's aged side,
Guiding his feeble steps aright,
Like morning star with sable night.

That tragic page, affection's child,
Her presence lights, serene and mild;
In duteous love she found repose,
And thus spoke sweetly at its close.

Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities . . . in distresses for Christ's sake. 2 Cor. xii: 10.

For them who on the steps of time
Shall with the "Man of Sorrows" climb,
Affection's light the cloud shall line,
And paint its edge with hues divine.

But they who walk the vale of woe
With Christ, nor duty's hand let go,
Safe on their Father's breast erewhile
Shall on the past look back and smile.

But we must shorten our extracts.

What men call freedom here on earth,
I've thought of little worth;
The Angels with their King above
Know of no liberty but love.

Is there not, in the following lines, a truth which should never be overlooked by those who have the religious training of others? The thought is suggested by the story of Orpheus and Eurydice in the fourth book of Virgil's Georgics, where the moment Orpheus so far yields to his love for Eurydice as to forget the conditions on which he is to gain her, she is lost.

He in whose soul is born from high
The music of Heaven's harmony,—
Which soothes dark passions into peace,
And from their kingdoms gives release;—
He with him draws to realms above
The objects of his earthly love,
And leads them onward, while his face
Is upward turned: — with faltering pace
Should he on them turn back and gaze,
He then lets go the harmonious maze;
The music of that love divine,
That bears all heavenward, must decline.
The backward tide no power can stem:
He loses both himself and them.

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.—The Inquirer reminds us that in expressing our regret at the retirement of Mr. Bellows from the sole editorship of that journal, we omitted to say that he still sustains towards it an editorial relation. We will not undertake to make good our accidental error by the fact that the same paragraph, (editorial) which corrects our mistake, virtually endorses it by offering Mr. B. a handsome compliment. We hasten to correct ourselves. When our article was written, however, the new arrangement had not been made public. The present editors of the Inquirer are Rev. S. Osgood, Rev. H. W. Bellows, Rev. J. F. Clarke, and Rev. F. H. Hedge, a strong *corps* and a prolific. Another gentleman well deserves, we will venture to say, to have his name among these,—the Boston Correspondent whose letters as well as other articles contribute largely to the life and interest of that lively and interesting paper.

Anniversary Week at Cambridge

The annual sermon before the Senior Class of the Divinity School was delivered by Rev. John Weiss. It was an attempt to state the scientific theory of development, in contradistinction to that embodied in the "Vestiges," and to apply it to the spiritual history of the human family. The text was taken from 1 Cor: xv. 24, "Then cometh the end when he shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father." The doctrine of man's innocence and unity with God was first shown to be liable to many objections. 1. According to the hint thrown out by Schlegel, if this golden age really existed, it never could have ceased to exist. 2. The idea of a primeval man conscious of God, gives as great a shock to our sense of orderly development, as if we should find the high organization of birds in strata lying beneath the epoch of fishes. 3. The laws of language forbid the supposition of a primitive race who had a personal knowledge of God. Language has been developed with a gradual logic which we follow back to the faintest rudiments. Every human faculty of mind and spirit has had a parallel development. 4. The diversity of origin of the human varieties destroys the position that either sin or death came by the lapse of Adam. Life and virtue, consequently, make the slow deposit which the current of each generation helps to accumulate.

The true science of God must devoutly trace the method of God,—first the blade, then the ear. The preacher must start with a study of the past results of God's presence in the world. He must furnish himself with the logic of the Creator. This he must also apply to the history of the human races, which were a distinct creation, as those organizations were which ushered in every preceding; the natural thread of God's idea being preserved through all. But the human races being once created, there are no further leaps, since the object of God is simply to develope the present human epoch. The application of this to the spiritual as well as secular history of man is obvious. We must let events and men run in God's predestined plane with His predestined logic. We may call them natural or supernatural, as we please, provided we apply the same epithet to all of them, and reject everything which the regular law cannot subsume,—that is, reject every theory of the things. We must permit the corn to belong to the same stalk which put forth first the blade, then the ear. As the object of human life is to develope a personal knowledge of God, to establish a unity with Him, to make each individuality receptive of Him, the preacher must believe in that recipiency of individuals which has developed history and scripture. The sermon gave this point a variety of illustration, which indicated, among other things, the true ground of authority. Man's personal recipiency is the instrument which God puts into the hand of the preacher: in this respect the human family is homogeneous. The education of the intuitional senses is the anterior condition for the use and proof of Beatitudes. They also reveal to us the order, sequence, and harmony of God. These are the basis of a true Theology. A personal consciousness of these will permit God to continue His revelation, and fully to express His meditation. All secular and sacred history is the gradual crescendo of God's idea. We say gradual, though there have been passages both strong and soft, but always in the same sequence, without breaks, leaps, or interpolations. Faith in this law shall educate us to the time when God shall be all in all.

The Divinity School.

The Annual Visitation of the Cambridge Divinity School took place at the College Chapel on Tuesday morning. The order of Exercises was as follows:—1. Hebrew Prophet, Mr. Amory Battles, 2. Hymn selected. 3. Does Free Inquiry in Religion diminish the influence of the Clergy? 4. Hymn for the occasion, by Rev. F. P. Appleton. 5. The Reformation of the English Church in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Mr. Charles E. Hodges. 6. Hymn for the occasion, by Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

The dissertations were well written and well delivered. One of them was remarkable for clears, well-defined and abundant thought. The others gave evidence of intellectual culture and more than common natural ability with something of the boldness of assertion which comes from inexperience and from the limited knowledge that very young men must have of the facts that often stand so fatally in the way of their magnificent generalizations.

The class contained but three members, but we look forward to their course with interest and hope. We wish that the Divinity School could be separated from the college; but as that cannot be, at least just now, we hope that our friends there will not be discouraged by their position, and that they will continue to give, as they have in times past, the means of an education as full, extended, liberal and exact as is practicable within the narrow limits of three years.

There has been a falling off of ministerial candidates in almost all religious denominations. In our two Theological schools we this year keep up the number just about to the average ten and twenty years ago. But according to the report of the American Education Society, since 1841 the number of students in the Seminaries of the Congregational and New School Presbyterian Churches has fallen off about forty per cent. "The old School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, are both lamenting the decrease of candidates for the ministry within their bounds. By the former of these bodies a day of fasting and prayer on this account has once been appointed, to be observed through all their churches."

Many reasons may be given for this change, but we have not room now to state them. We look forward, however, with hope to a better state of things, to a time when a thoroughly educated ministry will be better appreciated, and their labors more sought after and respected than in this transition period.

Address before the Alumni.

The address was delivered in the Chapel of the University, at four o'clock, by Rev. E. S. GANNETT, D. D. He began by stating his subject to be, not theological or critical, but *The devotedness of the minister, a Condition of his Spiritual success.* The very word *Devoted* signifies a something set apart, consecrated, wholly given up to the work. The quality to be considered has an interior seat, and a visible manifestation. The minister is pre-eminently a Preacher. His office is to teach men to live. Men are slow to respect the office of instruction. Even our wise and good Commonwealth is only just learning to pay due honor to the teachers of its children. And so the religious Teacher is obliged to borrow claims to veneration from the title of *Reverend* and a professor's gown. The people are not stupid enough to suppose there is merit in these things; and yet it seems to be falsely considered that the simple work of religious Teaching would not be quite dignified without them.

Not on any fictitious grounds then, but the sound and permanent ground of fitness, let the minister challenge respect. Whoever preaches for the sake of social station, or as a means to some vocation he considers higher, sells his soul for a mess of pottage and would better starve. The first source of fitness is a careful choice, implying a thorough understanding, of the office. It is doubtful if the practice of passing directly from the College course to the Divinity school, favors this choice. The proximity of the academic Theological Halls is rather local than moral. A year of spiritual exercises as a noviciate like that which Channing spent in Virginia, would be, in many cases, a most desirable experience. One of the three years of theological study, too, might well be spent in more immediate contact with the work of a parish than is afforded in the habits and opportunities of the University,—in some minister's family.

Then the choice should be permanent. The fault of the prevailing instability is not all on the side of the parishes. Short of starvation there is hardly a valid excuse for forsaking the ministry. No calling is more honorable, not that of the statesman or the advocate. Whoever can coolly contemplate the possibility of getting tired of his ministry, from the moment he enters it, is not one of those who are ready to follow Christ in the regeneration. There must be a passion and a purpose that nothing can change. In the words of a phrase, which, in our too great horror of cant, we have shunned, there must be *a love of souls*. Would to God we were not so much afraid of enthusiasm! We fear it as a nervous invalid shut up for weeks in an unwholesome confinement, dreads a breath of fresh air. Take a lesson from the noble English woman, (Lady Franklin), who will listen to no counsels of selfish prudence, so long as there is a hope of saving that husband in whose life her own is bound up. Look at the farmer, who would almost count it an affront to be cautioned against too hard work. Look at the merchant, who hardly sees his children except on Sunday, that he may procure them the means of being ruined when they are grown up. Look at the men of science who not only exhaust midnight oil, but compel Nature to yield up her antediluvian secrets and turn mathematical formulas into prophecies. Look at the artist absorbed in his marble; at the politician riding the yesty waves of public opinion, or wading through the mire of partisan servility, that he may serve his country, or get an office. The world with ten thousand voices cries out against the minister, who having taken up the cross, will not bear it to the end.

In the next place, the minister should give his whole time to the ministry. He may relax and renovate himself, but he can find diversity enough of employment without editing an edition of Ovid or Horace. The *reflected light* thrown on the preaching of the gospel by the labors of such men as Porson and Parr is like the light cast by a burning shield, on the coals glowing in a heated furnace. There is abundant material for diversifying studies without writing books on Natural History or profane antiquity. Witness the entire work lately written on The Voyage of St. Paul, as a noble fruit of a minister's leisure hours.

If it is urged that a minister needs the relief of secular pursuits, to save his health, it may be replied that more ministers are killed by irregularity than by excess of labor. [Here the minister propounded certain doctrines savoring a little of asceticism if not of the celibacy of the clergy.]

The minister must preach and prepare his sermons, in earnest,—devotedly, make them solid, fervent, engaging. The preparation for the pulpit should not be left to the close of the week, though *the writing out of the sermon* may often be best done, for popular effect, under the pressure of a limited time. Dr. Beecher used to say he wrote his sermons in the street. Buckminster *penned* some of his most effectual sermons after sunset Saturday evening. But the minister's *thoughts* should never be off from his preaching.

In his parochial duties, the minister must be devoted; visit his people more than once a year; inquire after more than their bodies; esteem it a privilege. In this way he will do more to save his parish from dwindling away, than by eloquent discourses,

In his private habits, the minister must be devoted. The anxiety to avoid the clerical garb and manner may be excessive. Better to conform to the old habit, in the color of the hat and cravat. Better shun doubtful amusements and mixed associations than go into them to convince men that the minister is no enemy of cheerfulness.

Aspiration and effort are the characteristics of the times. Progress is the law under which we live. Let not the ministry stand in contrast with this beneficent activity. Nay, who shall guide, and control and purify it, if not the ministers of Christ?

Under such a ministry, the church would be bound in a more indissoluble and fraternal union and overcoming the existing reluctance draw our young men into the work of the sacred office. On such a ministry might the spirits of Parker and Ware and their companions, illustrious examples of this devotedness, look down with joy. Perhaps they are present with us and hear us now. Mingle your prayers, sainted Brothers, with ours, that the days of this glorious consummation may come.

Commencement Day.

The annual commencement of Harvard College was held last Wednesday. The day was clear and bright and the heat of the customary Commencement standard of 90° Farenheit. Of course there was dust in abundance, but notwithstanding the dust and heat, the exercises were fully attended. The house was crowded to overflowing, and the audience, including a large proportion of the fairer sex, bore the oppressive heat with most exemplary patience. The annual Jubilee of our ancient University is always an interesting occasion, and this anniversary was by no means inferior to its predecessors. The speaking, judging from what we heard,—for our powers of enduring heat prevented us from being a constant listener,—was alike creditable to the young men, and to the College which graduated them. Mr. Sparks, the President, of course presided, and it was pleasant to see among the distinguished men on the platform around him, the two living ex-Presidents of the University, the Hon. Edward Everett, and the Hon. Josiah Quincy. After the exercises of the graduating class, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon thirty-three students of the Medical School. The ceremony, like that of giving the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, was performed according to the ancient custom, in Latin, the President standing in his collegiate robes, crowned with black velvet cap and tassel. The degree of Bachelor of Laws was next conferred upon thirty-six students of the Law School. The following honorary degrees were then conferred.

DOCTOR OF LAWS.

Charles G. Loring, of Boston.
Charles King, President of Columbia College, New York.
George Ticknor, of Boston.
Ebenezer Lane, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio.
Francis Lieber, Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of South Carolina.

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

Rev. George W. Blagden, of Boston.
Rev. Joseph Torrey, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the University of Vermont.
Rev. Frederick A. Farley, of Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. William P. Lunt, of Quincy, Mass.
Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, of Clinton, N. Y.

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

Dr. Rufus Longley, of Haverhill, Mass.

MASTER OF ARTS.

Charles H. Olmsted, of Hartford, Conn.
George Livermore, of Cambridge.
Rev. Lucius R. Paige, of Cambridge.
Henry T. Tuckerman, of New York.
Rev. Thomas S. King, of Boston.
Thomas G. Bouvé, of Boston.

Not the least pleasant part of Commencement Day is the meeting of old College friends and the revival of old associations and bygone feelings, which the day calls forth. It was delightful, when we escaped for a moment from the heat of the house to the fresh air without, to witness here and there the warm grasp of the hand with which classmates greeted each other, who had not met for years, and to catch the earnest tone of voice, with which they asked after one another's welfare. Classmates, who had not met for a long time, perhaps not for very many years, might be seen in groups about the door, inquiring after the present and the absent, paying a grateful tribute to the dead, chatting over days Lang Syne and becoming, for a day at least, college boys again.

When the exercises had all been completed, and the degrees duly bestowed, the President and Alumni repaired to the Library. There they formed into procession, according to the order of their classes, and marched to Harvard Hall to partake of the dinner, which Alma Mater yearly prepares for her children. We missed from the platform in the church the venerable form and silver hairs of the late Rev. Dr. Pierce; still more did we feel his absence in Harvard Hall, where his voice was not heard to set the tune and lead the hymn, which from time immemorial, has been sung at the close of Commencement dinner. A most eloquent and appropriate tribute was paid to his memory by the Hon. Edward Everett. This tribute was but one of many which were paid by classmates and friends to the memory of the Alumni, who have deceased during the past Academic year. It had been previously arranged that these tributes to the departed, with such other remarks as the circumstances and the occasion might suggest should be offered at this time. They took the place of the oration before the association of Alumni, which for a few years past has been held on another day. It was thought that this course (or a similar one) would be preferred by most of the graduates, and thus the Commencement of the University is united with the annual gathering of the Alumni. We have not sufficient space to notice the many tributes, which were called forth by the names of last year's departed, but we cannot refrain from noticing that of the late Dr. Abbott, of Exeter, by Professor Bowen, and that of the Rev. Jereboam Parker, by the Hon. D. A. White, as peculiarly felicitous. With the dinner and speeches in Harvard Hall, the exercises of the day were closed.

General Secretaries of the American Unitarian Association.

We should have mentioned last week the departure for Europe of Rev. F. W. Holland, the former Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and the introduction to his place of the Rev. Calvin Lincoln. We doubt whether any man has ever labored more earnestly in an office than Mr. Holland. He has been at work early and late, serving the cause with no divided affection, and doing an amount of work which few men are able to accomplish. The office is a most arduous one, and we trust that our ministerial brethren and all who are interested in the advancement of liberal christianity, will be ready to do what they can to strengthen the hands and cheer the hearts of the faithful and single-hearted laborer who has just entered upon its duties. Let him be welcomed to all our parishes. Let his words be listened to with affectionate respect, and his appeals for aid be answered with a generous and conscientious regard to duty. If we appreciate our Christian privileges, we must be ready to do something to extend them to others. And what is of more importance, let the ministerial brethren scrupulously abstain from adding to the Secretary's burdens, by throwing upon his office trifling matters of business that they ought to attend to themselves.

PRESENTS FROM FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS.—The Advertiser states that the Prussian Government has lately sent a costly and beautiful present to the State of Massachusetts.

It is the collection of plates and paintings made and published by the Royal Prussian Commission of the useful Arts under the direction of the late King of Prussia.

The plates which are executed in the finest style, make a large folio volume, divided under three heads,—those which relate to architecture, those which represent smaller objects, as vases, ornamental furniture, &c., and those which, mostly in colors, furnish a curious study of the brilliant patterns used in the damask and other woven or embroidered fabrics of the middle ages.

The designs under these various departments are drawn from the most celebrated monuments and museums in Europe. A volume of letter press, explanatory of the prints, accompanies them, which shows how carefully they have been selected and arranged by the Commission.

The purpose of the work being to improve the present manufactures, by giving to manufactures in various walks of art, the best material for study, the collections appears to have, for practical men, more than the usual value of collections of designs. Among the brilliantly colored patterns of Arabesque and other designs, taken from the Alhambra, from the Brandenburg Cathedral,—and from the damask, silk and other fabrics of the finest patterns preserved in the ancient churches of Europe, we notice some patterns, which have, evidently from this or similar collections, passed already into the foreign fabrics of paper-hangings, or other prints. There are several others, which seem quite new, not ventured upon as yet by any ingenious "designer."

The drawings of sculpture, of the smaller and larger monuments, are mostly in outline. The engravings are beautiful, of works which it is a pleasure to see thus reproduced.

The valuable collection will be deposited in the State Library, where, we presume, it may be examined by the curious.

A New York paper also says that the State of New York has lately received a similar present from the French Government. The statement is made on the authority of M. Vattemare, who in a letter to the paper just referred to, says that the French government has made a donation to the New York State Library of a copy of the celebrated Gallery of Versailles—a work containing several

PROF. WEBSTER.

We have carefully abstained from discussing in any way this most unhappy case. We have from the beginning had entire confidence in those who were to have the legal control of it, and have been unwilling to do anything which might tend in the slightest degree to embarrass them in the discharge of their official duty. We shall still reserve our opinion, till the subject has been finally acted upon by the Governor and Council.

We have heard in some quarters severe comments on the course pursued by Rev. Dr. Putnam; but after looking into the matter as thoroughly as we can with all the knowledge of the circumstances that any one in our situation has a right to possess, we can only say that we honor and respect Dr. Putnam all the more for what he has done. Believing as he did that the confession was an honest one, that the deed was not an act of premeditated murder, but the effect of sudden and violent passion, and having his sympathies powerfully excited in behalf of the most wretched though innocent family, we do not see what else he could do, but make an appeal for a mitigation of the sentence.

That he threw his whole heart into the effort when pleading for the life of a fellow being, that in the earnestness of his zeal in one direction he should for the time forget to weigh all his words and consider precisely what bearing they might have in other directions, is no dishonor to him, even though in one or two instances, he may have been infelicitous in his expressions, or his suggestions.

The passage relating to the Medical Profession was of this character. Our readers know what our feelings of affection, gratitude and respect for the members of that profession are. But it has seemed to us that they were a little to sensitive on the subject. Every one who knew Dr. Putnam knew that he would be the last man in the world to throw any shadow of reproach on them or on their beneficent calling. We are glad to publish the following letter from him to the Daily Advertiser of Monday last.

MR. EDITOR.—In the Daily Advertiser of the 11th inst., a correspondent has offered some strictures on a brief passage taken from the remarks lately made by me to the Committee of the Executive Council in support of Dr. Webster's petition for a commutation of his punishment. He thinks the passage injurious and ungenerous towards the medical profession. Other physicians—friends, whose candor and kindness I cannot doubt—have intimated the same thing to me, though without the bitterness and severity of your correspondent. I am, therefore, constrained to believe, that I have unwittingly done injustice to others and to myself, in what I said in that connection. I perceive the infelicity of my language and its liableness to be misunderstood. Instead, therefore, of defending it word for word, I will endeavor to state now what I really did mean to say, and what I did not.

I was suggesting a slight extenuation—all that it admitted of—of Dr. Webster's conduct in disposing of the dead body of Dr. Parkman. His familiarity with the dissecting room, I thought, must have prepared him to dismember the body, without the nervous horror and physical faintness that would be felt by another man of the same moral grade, but a stranger to medical dissection. I did not mean that the study of anatomy would make a man any more likely to commit a homicide; but I suppose I may say that *if* a man practiced in anatomy *should* commit a homicide, with or without malice, and *if* he should decide upon the concealment of the body as necessary or expedient, the bare process of dismemberment would not be so revolting, so impossible a thing to him, as to another of the same degree of moral sensibility and principle. The surgeon or anatomist, of the tenderest feelings, can operate upon a human body, living or dead, with a steadiness of nerve and a cool self possession of mind, which is only to be had by practice. What would become of the beneficent art of surgery and the noble science of anatomy, if he could not? I could not make an incision into a human body, living or dead, without fainting away; that fact does not prove me to be humane or moral. The beloved and trusted physician of my family could do it without a qualm. Can anybody suppose that I consider that power, which he has acquired by practice, as derogatory to his humanity or his virtue? the blessed power by which he relieves the suffering and prolongs the life of me and mine!

That the study of medicine, with the anatomical investigations so essential to it, is "demoralizing" in its influence on character, is no sentiment of mine. I never said it nor thought it; and I should not suppose it would be inferred from what I did say, on the occasion referred to. On the contrary, unless I have been singularly fortunate in my medical associations, physicians, as a class, are rather remarkable for humane feelings and tender sympathies. There are among them, certainly, as many men whom I love and revere for all that is most exalted and beautiful in human character, as in my own profession, or any other profession or calling whatever. And it has never yet occurred to me to imagine, that their ability to operate on a living body, or to dissect a lifeless one, with a courage, a steadiness of hand and composure of feeling, which I could not command, is any disparagement of their religious character, or their humane and social virtues.

I fully concur with your correspondent in all he has said, so well, of the nobleness and dignity of anatomical science, and the importance of the medical profession. I only regret, that, either through my fault or his own, he should see fit to place his sound and eloquent remarks in sharp antagonism with me and my words—words spoken in another connection, for another purpose, and with no idea of such a bearing as he finds for them. I hold the medical profession in as high honor as he does; in as high honor as I hold my own, or any other. I have no prejudices, *narrow* or broad, against it, or the admirable sciences which underlie it. I hold Physiology to be as legitimate a science as Theology,—indeed, a splendid branch of it. I assume for clergymen, no superiority in virtue, or the sentiments and sympathies of humanity, over physicians. I agree with your correspondent, and am happy to confirm his remark from my own observation, that the physician enters the chamber of sickness, and the scenes of pain, death, and sorrow, with as soft a tread, as gentle a voice, and with as warm a current of affection in his heart, as the clergyman.

The physician and the clergyman, in many of their duties, find their paths run side by side through scenes of anguish and woe. Each has his part to do. There is no rivalry, and no occasion for mutual disparagement or distrust. They should honor and help one another, as brethren and fellow-laborers in the noble and blessed service of humanity. If the tie that should unite them has been in any degree weakened by any word of mine, honestly misunderstood or carelessly perverted, I wish that word recalled, as false to my thought, and justified by no feeling that I ever for a single moment entertained.

GEO. PUTNAM.

Sterling, July 12, 1850.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND. The London Times of a recent date, has a letter, of which the following is an extract:

On Wednesday last we were coming from Yorkshire to London by the Great Northern and Eastern Counties Railway. During the time we were stopping at the Shelford station, we observed a number of young women employed in clearing the weeds from a field on the south side of the station, and a man overlooking them who held in his hand a large stick. Our attention was attracted to the man from the resemblance which more than one person remarked, he bore to a slave driver; although the remark was made, that of course he would never think of using the stick to compel application to work. Judge what was our astonishment when we actually saw the man beat one of the girls for neglect of work, and that so severely, that the poor creature fairly winced under the infliction. We would scarcely believe the evidence of our eyes, that such means of compelling women to labor were used in our own country.

THE WARREN-STREET CHAPEL.

MR. BARNARD'S report for the last year has only just fallen under our eye. We have read it with increased admiration and gratitude for the patient service which has gradually built up so efficient and beneficent an Institution. It amazes us that a community, with such an eye to the utilities as Boston has, should suffer so practical, judicious, and thoroughly tried a plan of Christian charity as this, to want the amplest means of support and activity. Mr. Barnard's report leaves the reader under the painful impression that he himself is left to add to his devoted labors, a considerable amount of pecuniary contribution in aid of the chapel. Several departments are represented as in danger of decline for the want of a small addition to the income. The annual expenses year before last were more than $500 beyond the revenue, and only about $2000 at that! The floral procession is abandoned this year, we notice, from economical considerations. All these things look badly. They discourage effort. They indicate a want of lively sympathy with generous public labors in the most difficult departments of Christian usefulness.

We cannot find out from the Report, that the Warren-street Chapel has yet received anything from the public, but the loan (without interest) of a portion of the first cost of building. A mortgage of $5000 still rests on the Chapel. We are yet to hear of the first dollar left in anybody's will, to this institution—of the first considerable donation. How can these things be!

Perhaps the efficiency of Mr. Barnard and his volunteer associates in the immediate labors of the institution, gives such an air of energy and self-sustaining power to this charity, that the public thinks its aid is not required. We have sometimes noticed that the zeal and devotedness of a minister repelled by its very copiousness, all offers of co-operation on the part of his people; while parishes are seen to fly to the support of a feebler and less efficient pastor. But we trust the public will not offer such premiums upon indolence and dependence, as to withhold necessary aid from an institution requiring not only all that its more immediate friends can do for it, but needing much more, and able to turn to the best account the largest aid the public will afford it.

We need hardly say that our words come without any further prompting than the manifest importance of this beautiful charity, as it is represented in Mr. Barnard's Report. [Christian Inquirer.

We are happy to add that on the week of the 4th they took enough money to put the Chapel out of debt so far as the deficit of last year went.—Now we understand they wish to beg *loans* to place the whole property out of embarrassment and *donations* to do some repairs, &c. Their own children within a few weeks have given over $100 towards the last item.

JOHN HENRY GRAY.

We extract the following from the *Transcript* as only a just and fitting notice of Mr. Gray, who died so suddenly at Nahant week before last:—

"Mr. Gray was a man of high moral worth and in many respects a remarkable individual.—In all matters of essential character he was practical and independent. Possessed of an ample fortune, a liberal education and a cultivated taste, it was in his power to minister largely to the rational enjoyment of his numerous friends, and he rejoiced in the exercise of this ability. His sunny, sea-girt home was the abode of an extensive, generous and untiring hospitality; the welcome which he gave was an offering of the heart, free from ostentation and without display. Indeed, for the parade of mere wealth and fashion, Mr. Gray entertained but a very cold respect.

"With an intuitive reverence for great intellectual power and an admiration for every useful talent, he early found that knowledge and wisdom were very different things: he was not, therefore, easily dazzled or led into error by the meteor flashes of genius, however beautiful they might appear. With no undue tenacity in regard to his own opinion, it was yet evident that he had no labor-saving way in arriving at conclusions; and although no one, however humble, was beneath his regard, still no man was lofty enough to defy his scrutiny. In brief, Mr. Gray had always an opinion of his own, he did his own thinking, and so far as regarded the most important point connected with his brief career, it is quite evident that he pondered wisely and well.

"Such were a few of the prominent characteristics which marked the life of the estimable and lamented John Henry Gray. But, perhaps, after all, the most lovely trait in his beautiful character was the quiet, simple-hearted benevolence which he silently exercised toward many who had no friend save him and One above. Mingled with the tears of love and friendship which bedew his grave are those also of heart-felt gratitude.

"Mr. Gray's death was sudden, sadly and impressively sudden, but the messenger found him undismayed; his was no repining spirit, but one of calm submission to the will of Him at whose hands he had received so may blessings; and while those who loved him best and were most deeply loved by him, bow to this mysterious dispensation of an all-wise Providence, they will find a lasting consolation and cause for unspeakable thankfulness to God, that he was sustained and soothed in his last hours by an unfaltering trust, and that he was enabled to

> "approach his grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

[For the Christian Register.]

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I send you, for the benefit of your readers, the subjoined index of the texts of sermons which I have heard during the past six years, (1844–50.) With a very few exceptions, I heard all of these discourses from Unitarian clergymen, in the city of Boston, and in my own accustomed place of worship. I thought that the account might afford some index of the character of Unitarian preaching generally, and of the respective degrees of attention given to the various portions of Holy Writ; and, perhaps, furnish some material for interesting suggestions and reflections by you. It will be seen that more than two-thirds of all the texts were selected from the New Testament, and of this number, nearly one half from the four Gospels.

OLD TESTAMENT.

BOOKS.	Number of Texts.	BOOKS.	No. of Texts.
Genesis,	17	The Song of Solomon,	0
Exodus,	5	Isaiah,	10
Leviticus,	2	Jeremiah,	5
Numbers,	2	Lamentations,	4
Deuteronomy,	9	Ezekiel,	6
Joshua,	2	Daniel,	1
Judges,	2	Hosea,	2
Ruth,	0	Joel,	0
1 Samuel,	2	Amos,	1
2 Samuel,	3	Obadiah,	0
1 Kings,	4	Jonah,	3
2 Kings,	3	Micah,	1
1 Chronicles,	2	Nahum,	0
2 Chronicles,	3	Habbakkuk,	0
Ezra,	1	Zephaniah,	0
Nehemiah,	1	Haggai,	1
Esther,	0	Zechariah,	1
Job,	14	Malachi,	4
Psalms,	52		
Proverbs,	22	Total,	205
Ecclesiastics,	20		
	166	Apocrypha,	4

NEW TESTAMENT.

BOOKS.	Number of Texts.	BOOKS.	No. of Tex
Matthew,	80	1 Timothy,	6
Mark,	16	2 Timothy,	3
Luke,	39	Titus,	3
John,	79	Philemon,	2
Acts,	25	Hebrews,	25
Romans,	32	James,	6
1 Corinthians,	26	1 Peter,	9
2 Corinthians,	21	2 Peter,	3
Galatians,	10	1 John,	9
Ephesians,	14	2 John,	0
Philippians,	15	3 John,	0
Colossians,	7	Jude,	1
1 Thessalonians,	2	Revelation,	12
2 Thessalonians,	0		
	366	Total,	445

RECAPITULATION.

Whole number of Texts,	- -	654
Number from the Old Testament,	-	205
" " New "	-	445
" " Gospels,	- -	214
" " Epistles,	- -	194
" " Apocrypha,	- -	4

RECORDER.

Notices of New Publications.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE. By the Rev. Ingram Cobbin, A. M. New York: S. Hueston. No. I. Issued in 25 numbers at 25 cts. each.

We have already noticed the specimen number of this edition of the Bible. It is well printed, and has a very neat map of Palestine. The notes are short, sometimes judicious, sometimes containing objectionable doctrinal matter, and sometimes foolish. The following is of the foolish sort,—"It is computed that from eleven thousand millions of people to two millions of millions, and all the terrestrial animals, perished in the flood." The illustrations we think quite useful.

THE SHOULDER KNOT; or, Sketches of the Three-fold Life of Man. A Story of the Seventeenth Century. By B. F. Tefft. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This, in character, interest and power, is much above the common class of stories that we meet, and may be read with pleasure and profit. Two chapters, the eighth and the twenty-first, though a little too rhetorical, perhaps, are uncommon specimens of imaginative and eloquent composition, and indicate, in no small degree, the faculty of religious insight.

MILMAN'S GIBBON'S ROME. Boston. 1850. Vol. VI.

The publication of this great Standard Work is now completed, and it may be had entire of Crosby & Nichols. Those persons that have never owned it, and those whose old copies are worn out, can supply themselves with it at an almost incredibly low price, and in a convenient and handsome form.

LETTICE ARNOLD, AND LIZZIE WILSON. Published complete by Littell, Office of the Living Age.

We advise persons seeking pleasant reading for Summer weather, to get this beautiful story. It is as pure in spirit as it is spirited in style. It is one of the best of the lately written fictions.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. With Milman's Notes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. II.

A cheap and readable edition of this great work.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, made up of rich selections from all the periodical literature of the day, with a condensed and judicious summary of events and new publications, is the most formidable rival that has yet appeared to Littell's Living Age and the Eclectic Magazine, both of which come punctually with stores of entertaining matter.

THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL REGISTER, published by S. G. Drake, Boston, opens with a very interesting notice of Samuel Gorton, who, between 1636 and 1677, gave a world of trouble to the Massachusetts, Plymouth, Rhode Island, and Providence colonists.

THE CHRISTIAN REVIEW is always welcomed for its intelligence, its taste, its religious tone and Catholic spirit.

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE is a friend which never comes without a pleasant word, and something to instruct or encourage us.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW LIBRARY IN BOSTON. We understand that endeavors are making to establish a new public library in our city. The project has already received several substantial tokens of regard from some of our wealthy citizens, and we hope it will succeed. In many of the large cities of Europe, there are extensive libraries, which, under certain necessary regulations are freely open to all. The libraries can be visited and books taken out by any persons, natives or foreigners, who can produce testimonials of their trustworthiness. Boston would do well in this respect to imitate the large cities of the Old World. It is a matter of regret that in this land of education, and free schools, public libraries are not oftener established. Means of obtaining books should be within reach of all, who really desire to use them. The following account of the project referred to is taken from the Courier, which states, "that a donation of one thousand dollars is in the hands of the Mayor of Boston for the purpose of founding a City Library. This sum of money was subscribed by the personal and political friends of Mr. Bigelow, to purchase some testimonial of regard for him as a man and a public officer. The intentions of his friends came to the knowledge of Mr. Bigelow, after the sum had been collected. He earnestly entreated his friends to give their liberality a wider scope, and allow others to share in what, most kindly, was designed for him alone. His wishes were complied with, and the donation is to be made the basis of an institution greatly needed in Boston. This disinterested act on the part of the Mayor has called out the generosity of other persons, and several thousand dollars are already promised, to be added to the sum soon to be placed in the charge of the Board of Aldermen. The new library will no doubt bear a name which will prove an enduring monument to perpetuate the memory of the disinterested services of the Mayor in promoting the public welfare."

JUSTICE IN CALIFORNIA. A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following account of the administration of justice in the new State. It will be seen that none of the vexatious delays of the law, which are so troublesome in this part of the country, are in existence there.

"Five miles from Sonora, are the new diggings sometimes called the 'American Diggings;' more than fifteen hundred miners were collected there, and law and order were in full operation. It was Sunday, and two Mexicans were about to be executed They had been tried on the previous day, on the charge of stealing seven pounds of gold, convicted and sentenced to be hung unless they restored the gold, in which case they were to be whipped out of the camp When I saw the prisoners they were seated on a log, and two or three men standing guard over them. One of the condemned was an old man sixty years or more; he was much affected, continually protesting his innocence, and uttering the wildest anathemas against his accusers. His companion, a young man of thirty years, was quietly smoking his cigarito, and seemingly took no notice of what was going on around him.

The Americans about the camp were discussing the justice of the sentence. They said that the evidence was altogether insufficient, being nothing more than the incoherent expressions of the old man when he was drunk. Another cause of dissatisfaction was in the fact that they were tried by only six jurors. After some conversation, reviewing the whole trial, the Americans waited on the Alcalde and demanded a new trial, an 'American trial.' Their demand was urged so strongly, that the Alcalde was forced to comply, and within an hour the accused were tried and acquitted, on the same evidence upon which they were convicted the previous day.

THE FRENCH BIBLE SOCIETY. This institution recently celebrated its anniversary in Paris. Its managing committee have been greatly aided in the accomplishment of their task by the American Bible Society, which sent them the sum of $10,000 the past year, and promised them an equal donation the current year. This generosity has enabled the committee to extead the sphere of its labors. French Christians feel deep gratitude towards their brethren of the United States.

According to the report, 87,849 copies of the Holy Scriptures have been put in circulation, namely, 9,352 Bibles 78,197 New Testaments; that is 35,000 copies more than last year. The committee have directed their attention to soldiers, sailors, prisoners, the sick in hospitals, the colonists of Algiers, &c. But the colporteurs whom they employ have been greatly harrassed, treated with violence, and more than one of them has been put in prison on account of his infidelity.

The next General Triennial Convention of the "Alpha Delta Phi Society," will be holden at Amherst, Mass., on Tuesday, August 6. The Oration will be pronounced by Rev. F. D. Huntington, of Boston, and the Poem by Alfred B. Street, Esq., of Albany.

ST. LOUIS.—Order of Exercises at Laying the Corner Stone of the First Congregational Church, in St. Louis, July 1st, 1850. 1. Reading the Scriptures. 1 Cor. 3; 2. Address; 3. Prayer; 4. Laying the Stone; 5. Hymn—written for the occasion; 6. Prayer and Benediction.

The ground was broken on the first day of May last, on the corner of Olive and Ninth streets for the erection of a new church, for the first Congregational (Unitarian) society of this city. The building will cover an area of 143 feet by 80 feet; the tower and spire which rises 162 feet is situated on the extreme southeast angle of the building, and is 26 feet square at the base; the body of the church is 84 feet long by 69 feet wide, containing 150 pews and will seat 800 persons; the gallery will seat from 200 to 300 persons.

It is to be erected of brick and stone in that distinguished style of Architecture called the Gothic, which sprang up to adorn and dignify the history of the art in the middle ages. The style chosen by the architect is the latest period of the early English, or rather the early period of decorated English; the window heads will be ramified into many intersections with trefoils and quartrefoils, &c., and glazed with small diamond shaped leaded lights in the old style. The interior of the church will be divided into nave and side aisles by slender clustered columns supporting a false clerestory. The pulpit is placed in a recess 26 feet wide and canopied over with a large moulded gothic arch; in a similar recess at the opposite end will be the organ gallery and choir.

In the rear of the church and attached thereto, in the same style of architecture, there will be a Sunday School and a Lecture Room 64 feet long by 24 feet wide in the clear.

The architect is Mr. John Johnson, formerly of New York and now of this city, who has proved himself by the plans of this church to be a man of superior ability. The foundation stone work, which was very substantial, was laid by John Shaw. The cut stone work is under contract to Barnard Crichard. Messrs. J. & A. McBride will do the brick work, for which the bricks will be furnished by Henry Parker and Francis Ames, and the carpentry will be done by Mr. John B. Gibson.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF SLAVES.—The "Presbytery of the Western District," Tennessee, at its session at Huntington, April 18th, adopted, unanimously, the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we, as a Presbytery, will endeavor prayerfully to observe the injunctions of the General Assembly to instruct the slaves in our bounds; and that the sessions of each church, under our care, be enjoined to see servants carefully instructed in the great principles of the Gospel, at home and in the church, so far as practicable, and report their diligence herein at each Spring Meeting of the Presbytery."

A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT. By a letter just received from M. Vattemare, and dated at Washington on the 2d inst., we are informed that he has just received advices from his agent at Paris, stating that the French government have made a donation to the New York State Library, of a copy of the celebrated Gallery of Versailles—a work containing several thousand historical engravings. "To give you an idea of this magnificent present (adds Mons. Vattemare), I need only say that each copy occupies a case three feet square by two and a half high." [Albany Argus.

THE BEAUTIFUL BUST of Dr. Pierce, by Mr. T. Carew, of which we have heretofore spoken, after being exhibited and admired in this city for a few weeks, at the magnificent store of Jones, Ball, & Poor, has been removed to its destined place, in the Library of Harvard College, Cambridge; where it stands on a simple, but rich marble pedestal, containing a brief, but appropriate inscription:

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. The Annual Commencement of this Institution was held on Wednesday last, when the degree of A. B. was conferred upon twenty-five young gentlemen, the degree of A. M. on eighteen, and that of M. D. on six others. Valedictory, by James W. Robins.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—Commencement on Wednesday, August 21. The Alumni will be addressed by David Dudley Field. Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., of Brooklyn, is to deliver the Address before the Mills Theological Society.

Rev. Dr. Higgins has commenced his labors as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims. Rev. M. Hale Smith, it is stated, has entered the office of Mr. Choate as a law student.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 11, by Rev Mr Capen, Mr George W. Sprague to Miss Sarah A. Loring, all of South Boston.

In Danver, July 7, by Rev Mr Appleton, Mr James M. Trow to Miss Mary C. Bushby.

In Salem, by Rev Mr Carleton, Mr David Sinclair to Miss Margaret Garret; by Rev Dr Flint, Mr Richard Preston to Miss Sarah E. Dearborn.

In West Sandwich, July 11, by Rev E. P. Crafts, Mr Hiram Crowell to Miss Eliza S. Ellis.

In South Berwick, Me, 11th ult, by Rev B. R. Allen, John S. H. Fogg, M.D, to Miss Sarah F. Gordon.

In St Louis, Mo, June 27, by Rev W. G. Elliot, Mr Richard Madeley, Jr, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr Samuel D. Taylor, all of St L.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 9, at half-past ten o'clock in the evening, James Loring, 80 yrs—formerly a deacon in the church of the eloquent Stillman—a warm-hearted patriot, educated in the office of Benjamin Russ—for fifty-four years a printer and bookseller, and first editor of the Christian Watchman for many years.

July 11, of hooping cough, Harriet Jane, daughter of Mr Charles D. Ell s, of 84 Louis, Mo, 2 yrs 9 mos.

In Worcester, July 14, Mrs ANN E, wife of Mr F. L. Cutting, of West Boylston, and daughter of Martin Wilder, 27.

In Portsmouth, Mrs Lucy Hill, widow of Elisha Hill, E-q, 66 yrs.

In New Bedford, July 13, Mr Peleg Jenney, Jr. His death was occasioned by a fall on board ship Abraham Barker.

In Fairhaven, July 13, Mrs Susan Taber, 54 yrs.

In Fall River, July 1, Anna Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Jas M. Osborn, aged 3 mos; 4th, Mrs Abby, wife of Mr Lincoln, 39 yrs.

In Greenland, N. H, Hon William Pickering, formerly Treasurer of the State and Collector of the Port of Portsmouth, 72 yrs.

In Peterboro', N H, July 4, Mrs Mariam, wife of Mr S. Edes, (of the firm of Jewett, McGilvray & Co, of this city,) 40 yrs.

REV. EDWARD L. PARKER, of Derry, N. H, fell dead in the street on Sunday last, aftet having preached three times during the day. Mr. Parker was greatly respected as a faithful minister; and, besides his professional duties, he had for some time past been engaged in preparing a history of the Scotch Irish emigrants to this country. The work, we understood from him a few weeks since, was to be put to press in September, and, we have no doubt, contains by far the best account yet prepared of that portion of our original population. We deeply lament the loss of such a man, but hope that he has left his History of the Scotch Irish in such a state of forwardness that it may soon be published.

Died in Salem, on the night of the 14th, Hon. NATHANIEL SILSBEE, aged 77, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Salem—father of the Mayor of Salem, and father-in-law of the President of Harvard University. Mr. Silsbee began active life as clerk of a merchant ship, and before he was twenty one years old, took command of a merchant vessel. He was afterwards a most successful merchant. Besides this,—as we learn from the Salem Gazette,—"he served successively as representative in our State Legislature, as member of Congress for six years, as State Senator, over which body he presided, and as Senator in Congress, for nine years, with honor to himself, and satisfaction to his constituents.

"In all commercial questions, which presented themselves to the consideration of Congress, while a member of both houses, no man's opinion was more sought for, and more justly respected. His consistency, his high standard of morals and of honor, his uncompromising and unswerving integrity, secured him the confidence of all parties, while his experience and practical knowledge on all commercial subjects pointed him out as a fit expositor on such occasions. Long after his retirement were his opinions sought for in this branch of legislation.

"As a citizen of his native place, no one has more willingly discharged the claims, which society should make on its members He has done honor to the pioneer class of merchant princes, reared and nurtured in the early days of the Republic, intelligent, adventurous, the carvers of their own fortunes. No man has been more respected by the community at large—hospitable and liberal, he has lived beloved and honored in the circle of his friends and family, and now, in a good old age, his duties conscientiously discharged, and his earthly frame worn out, the quietly sleeps with his fathers, in the arms of his God"

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may13

☞ *The Ladies of the Unitarian Society* in Gloucester propose holding a FAIR, at the Town Hall, on the seventh and eighth of August, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the improvement of the interior of their Church.

They will offer for sale a variety of useful and ornamental articles, with a good assortment of Children's Clothing, wrought flannel, infant's dresses, &c.

Assistance from friends in other places will be gratefully received, and donations in any form may be sent to Messrs Crosby & Nichols, No 111 Washington street, or to Mr C. C. Smith, No 46 Kilby street, Boston, by whom they will be forwarded.

Gloucester, July 15. 1s3p j20

☞ *The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers* will meet on MONDAY next, at the house of Rev. J. H. Morison, in Milton.

july20 SAML. B. CRUFT, *Scribe.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 323. 12½ cents

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4. A Month at Constantinople—Blackwood's Magazine.
5. In Memoriam—Examiner.
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Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged,

IN ONE VOL., CROWN QUARTO.

From Hon. Samuel Galloway, Secretary of State and Superintendent of Common Schools for the State of Ohio:

Secretary of State's Office, Columbus, O., Jan. 2, 1850.

Messrs. C. & G. Merriam, Springfield, Massachusetts:—I have used, exclusively, within the last year, in all my investigations and in all cases of doubt and difficulty in language, "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," revised by Prof. Goodrich, and I can, as I do, cordially recommend it as the best Dictionary of the English language extant with which I am acquainted. It will be my pleasure to promote as fully as I can its use and circulation. It is gratifying to me, as it must be to every lover of English literature, that a work so pre-eminent in merit and so indispensable to our wants has been furnished.

Respectfully, SAMUEL GALLOWAY.

From Hon. R. S. Rust, Commissioner of Public Schools for the State of New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H., June 7, 1850.

MESSRS. MERRIAM:

Command my services in the circulation of the best Dictionary of the English Language.

Yours, &c., R. S. RUST.

From Horace Piper, Esq., Superintendent of Public Schools for the County of York, Me.

BIDDEFORD, Me., June 6, 1850.

Gentlemen,—Having been engaged for the most of the time the past three years in preparing school books of different kinds, I have of necessity used Webster's Dictionary constantly, and I have ever found it by far the most complete that I have ever used. It is truly a treasury of knowledge.

I had suggested the utility, to several gentlemen in my County, of purchasing Webster's Dictionary as a standard work for reference both by teacher and pupil, and I think that some teachers, if not schools, have been induced to do it. It will be, as it has been, my constant effort to increase its circulation by all honorable means in my power. I wish you much success in your undertaking in publishing the book, which is a true legacy to the literary world

Yours, truly, H. PIPER.

From the Trustees of Thetford (Vt.) Academy.

THETFORD ACADEMY, June 3d, 1850.

* * * * * * *

It shall remain on our table, not only as a memento of your benevolence, but as a representative of the truth that you publish the *best English Dictionary in the* WORLD.

Very respectfully yours, &c.

HIRAM ORCUTT, Principal,
In behalf of the Trustees.

Normal School of the State of New York.

Resolved, unanimously, That Webster's Quarto Dictionary be the Standard in the New York State Normal School.

WM. H. CAMPBELL, Clerk Ex. Com.

Albany, March 12, 1850.

Academies of the State of New York.

At a meeting of the Regents, held at the Capitol, Albany, Feb. 14, 1850,

Resolved, unanimously, That the new edition of Webster's Dictionary in Quarto, edited by Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich, and published by G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., be recommended to be purchased for the Libraries of Academies under the visitation of the Regents.—[About 150 in number.]

A true Copy. T. ROMEYN BECK.

From the Annual Report of Hon. Christopher Morgan, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Schools for the State, presented to the New York Legislature, January, 1850.

In connection with the subject of District Libraries, the Superintendent deems it his duty particularly to direct the attention of the Trustees and inhabitants of the several School Districts, to a work of undoubted utility, and pre-eminently of a national character, which should find a place in every library, viz: Webster's unabridged Quarto Dictionary, published by Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, Massachusetts. As a standard of orthography and orthoepy, its claims to general adoption have been recognized by the most eminent scholars and statesmen of our land; and as a purely American work, prepared at great expense, and emanating from a source well led to the highest credit and respect, it commends itself strongly to the adoption of our School Districts generally.

From Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, late Mayor of Boston, and Treasurer of Harvard University.

BOSTON, May 2, 1850.

* * * * * * *

I have long set a very high value upon this learned work, and can have no doubt that its introduction into the Common Schools will be of essential service to the maturer minds of the teachers, and indirectly, therefore, to the opening intellects of the children. I remain, gentlemen, respectfully, Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, Springfield.

From Hon. Benjamin Seaver, of Boston, an eminent Merchant and Member of the Massachusetts Senate.

BOSTON, May 3, 1850.

Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, Springfield—

* * * * * * *

Having had my attention specially called to the merits of this work, while the question of furnishing our Schools with it was under discussion in the Senate, I am abundantly satisfied that it should not only be in our schools, but also in our families and Counting Houses. Very respectfully, your obedient servant. BENJAMIN SEAVER.

From Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg, Speaker of Massachusetts House of Representatives.

PITTSFIELD, May 6, 1850.

* * * * * * *

I esteem it above all price. The book itself is a great repository of learning, an honor to the illustrious author, to the American name, and to the English Language. The workmanship of the volume is superb.

I wish you the completest success in your noble enterprise, my publishers, and remain, Gentlemen, with great regard, your obliged humble servant,

E. H. KELLOGG.

Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.

From His Excellency Hamilton Fish, Governor of the State of New York.

ALBANY, April 23, 1850.

Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.—Gentlemen, Of the merits of this American Dictionary, it is needless now to speak. It has proved a valuable addition to our Libraries, and is its own best herald. The very large editions which have been, and which continue to be issued, of Dr. Webster's books, afford the strongest evidence of their excellence and their enduring merit.

Permit me, gentlemen, while returning thanks for your gift, also to offer the assurance of the high estimate in which I hold your valuable services in giving to the world, in such form as you present them, "books that are books."

With very great respect, your ob't servant,

HAMILTON FISH.

From the Springfield Portfolio, Edited by the Pupils of the High School.

Forty-seven copies of *Webster's Unabridged Quarto Dictionary*, published by Mess s. G. & C. Merriam, have been placed in the Public Schools of New York City, by authority of the city Government, for the use of the pupils. That is a noble act. Probably *nine* out of *ten* of these pupils would otherwise never have had access to this treasure, if even they had so much as known of its existence. The Croton water-works can scarcely do as much in exerting an elevating and purifying influence. Ask the hundred scholars in the Springfield High School, for what sum they would be deprived of the use of their copy. "We couldn't be bought out."

☞ The attention of School Committees, Teachers, Parents, Pupils, and others, is respectfully invited to the above work.

PUBLISHED BY

G. & C. MERRIAM, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

And for sale by all Booksellers.

July 20. 1is.

CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand ORGAN, in a very elegant *Mahogany case*, elaborately carved, with gilded pipes in front, having ten stops in the Great Organ, five stops in the swell, and a double open diapason sub-Bass to the Pedal Organ, with couplers, &c., will be sold at a low price to an immediate purchaser. The Organ is now in the High street Congregational Church (Rev. Mr. Chickering's) at Portland, and will be ready for delivery on or about the 15th of August. Terms of payment made favorable to the purchaser. For further particulars apply to

Also, for sale, two smaller sized second hand Church Organs and one good Parlor Organ.

WM. B. D. SIMMONS & CO., Organ Builders, july26 3tis Causeway street, Boston.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

AN Introduction to the Books of the Old and New Testament, by A. Schuman, translated from the German, by Dr. Beard. 1 vol., 8vo. London.

Illustrations of the Divine in Christianity. A series of Discourses, exhibiting views of the Truth, Spirit, and Practical Value of the Gospel, by Rev. J. R. Beard, D D. 1 vol. 8vo. London. Just received by

CROSBY & NICHOLS, july20 111 Washington st.

DR. GREENWOOD'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, containing a journal in England in 1820—21; the Village Graveyard; Eternity of God; Milton's Prose Works; the Sea; Female Literature; Moral Education; the Falls of Niagara; Study of Natural History; Duties of Winter; the Holy Land; Spring. 400 pp. Price reduced to 50c. Published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, july20 111 Washington st.

Notice to Physicians,

AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

THE subscriber, aware of the adulterations practised in preparing and powdering Drugs and Medicines for the market, and the difficulty experienced in distinguishing the pure, has arranged to have most of these articles powdered in his establishment. Samples of Drugs in their original state will be kept for comparison, and he has requested Dr A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, to analyze at any time such preparations as may appear of doubtful genuineness, before offering them for sale, thereby insuring to phys cians pure Drugs and Medicines. WM. BROWN,

461 Washington (corner of Eliot) street.

N. B.—With the above arrangement, all can be supplied with pure and unadulterated medicines.

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

Evening Thoughts.

It is the gentle evening hour,
The dew-drop glistens on each flower,
And in a deep and soft repose,
Are sunk the Lily and the Rose.
The birds have ceased their carolling;
No longer on the glancing wing
From tree to tree, they dance or fly
With sudden motion to the sky.
The leaves upon the forest trees,
Are all unruffled by the breeze;
The breeze itself is sunk to rest,
And all is calm, and still, and blest.
The moon with pensive face, and pale,
Has thrown o'er all her silvery veil,
Save where the trembling shadows lie,
Like clouds upon the summer sky.

No human voice, or step, or sound,
Disturb the silence, deep, profound.
I sit within my window-seat;
Mine eyes alone these glories meet;
I sit and strive to banish fear,
And brush away the trembling tear,
It seems so selfish, to be sad,
When all around is bright and glad.

All low and sweet there comes a voice,
It bids my soul in peace rejoice;
From all around, below, above,
Breathes forth the whisper, 'God is love.'
Oh! Heavenly Father, strengthen me
To place my trust alone with Thee;
Sustain, oh God! my drooping heart,
And make me feel how good thou art.
Oh give me life — give peace, and rest,
The higher life — the good! the blest!
Say to my spirit, peace, be still,
And trust the Heavenly Father's will.
Oh God, thou ever hearest the cry
Of those who humbly look on high,
And giv'st rest, and peace, to those,
Who in thy love and truth repose.
Thou who hast given so rich a dower
Of beauty, to the evening hour,
And stamp't o'er all the deep impress
Of harmony and happiness,
Wilt ne'er forget the human heart,
But wilt thy strength and grace impart
To those who humbly seek to be
In peace with nature and with thee.
What though the present seemeth drear?
What though the spirit shrinks with fear
To tread life's long and lonely way?
The hand that quenched hope's earthly ray
Will make a light around us shine
To link us to the world divine!

C. A. B.

A Beautiful Thought.

The following, which we copy from the last number of the Missionary Herald, is from the pen of Bishop Doane:

Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him;
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With Heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved, before us;
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TALE OF THE STAGE COACH.

Two gentlemen and a female travelling in a coach together, the latter in answer to a question that had been proposed to her, said:

'I never drank any spirit till about three years ago, just after my youngest child was born.'

She uttered this reply in a suppressed tone of voice, and with evident emotion.

'You have been married, then?' said the English gentleman.

'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'I was married eight years since.'

'Is your husband living?' he inquired.

'I suppose he is,' said she; 'I have not seen him for more than two years, and I do not know that he will ever come back again.'

At this moment the old Dutchman shook his head; and the woman bowed down her face. Her bonnet concealed her features, but tears were falling upon her cloak. After a brief interval, the Englishman resumed his conversation.

'I am fearful,' said he, 'that you have a bad, perhaps an intemperate husband.'

His remarks seemed to summon her to the rescue; for whatever may be the nature of domestic strife, foreign interference is seldom welcomed by either party.

'No, sir,' she replied, 'I had as good a husband as ever lived, and he was always a very temperate man. He was a member of the temperance society. My husband was a carpenter, and worked as hard as any man, but he never took strong drink of any kind; and if I could only say the same thing of myself, we never should have parted.'

'How did you first contract this habit?' said he.

'After my last child was born,' she replied, 'I had a severe fever, and was brought very low. It seemed as though I should never recover my strength. Our doctor, who was a skillful old gentleman, said nothing would raise me so soon as a little brandy. My husband asked him if nothing else would do as well, and was opposed to my taking it. It was not pleasant at first, *but I soon began to relish it with sugar*, and after a month's trial, I got myself into such a state, that I could not live without it. My husband was greatly distressed about it, and said he would not have it in the house. I then got it privately, and the habit got so strong upon me, that I used to lie awake very often, thinking how good it would taste in the morning. I have often said, and say so now, that I would give the world, if it were mine, to be cured of this hankering after strong drink. At last my poor children—'

'Poor leetil children!' cried the Dutchman, as he brushed away a tear from his eye.

'My poor children,' continued the woman, 'began to suffer, and my husband became desperate. At one time he would coax me, and, after I had kept myself clear of it for a week or so, he would make me a present, though he could poorly afford it. At another time when I could hold out no longer, and he returned and found nothing ready for dinner or supper, and the children crying, and his wife unfitted for everything, he would talk very harshly, and threaten to leave me. I deserved it all,' said she, weeping bitterly; 'and I have thought, if he should come back, I would try to do better and leave it off, though I am afraid I should not be able to. I never thought that he would really go away. He seemed, at last, to be giving the matter up. He let me go on pretty much as I pleased. He used to take the two elder children, upon a Sunday, to meeting, and leave me at home; for I was ashamed to go there, as folks had begun to take no notice of me. A few days before he went off he said very little to me, but seemed to be busy packing his chest. I thought all this was done to scare me; so I took no notice of it. He finally put his chest upon a wheel-barrow, and wheeled it away. 'Good bye, John,' said I thinking he was not in earnest; and I was sure he was not when I saw him coming back in about an hour, without it. I told him he had made a short voyage of it. He said nothing—not a word—but took the children on his lap and kissed them, and cried over them as if his heart would break. His silence, and his taking on so, worried me more than all his threats. Next morning he asked me to take the children and go with him to see his mother, who lived about a mile off. So I got ready. We had an old dog that watched round the house. My husband patted the dog—'Good bye, Cæsar,' said he, and sobbed out loud as he said it. I then began to fear he was going; and, as I thought how kindly he had always used me and what a miserable wife I had been to him, I could not help shedding tears. But I said nothing, for I still thought he only wanted to try me. When we got to his mother's I saw his chest outside of the gate. We went in, and the old woman began to shed tears, but said not a word. I thought he meant to leave me. He looked at the clock, and said it was about time for the stage to come; and turning to me, he took my hand, but it was sometime before he could speak. At last, mustering his feelings, 'Fanny!' said he, 'there is but one way to convince you that I am in earnest, and that is to leave you. I took you for better or for worse, but I did not take you for a drunkard, and I cannot live with you as such. You have often said you was willing to part, and could support yourself, if I would the children, and you have agreed that they should live with their grandmother. I have sold my tools and some other matters, and have raised a few dollars, which I have placed in her care for their use; and, if God spares my life, they shall never want. When she writes me word that you have kept clear from this habit for six months, I will gladly come back, but never till then.' While he was speaking, the stage arrived, and I saw him lashing on his chest. I then had no longer a doubt. He kissed the children and his mother, and rushed out of the house. I followed him to the door. 'O, dear John,' said I, 'do not go John—do try me once more;' but he never looked back; and the stage was soon out of sight. 'He is a cruel, cold-hearted man,' said I as I sat down on the threshold of the door. 'Fanny,' said his mother, as she sat wiping her eyes, 'will you abide by these words at the great judgment day?' No,' said I, after a short pause, 'he is the kindest and best of husbands and fathers.' 'Then try,' said she, 'to kill the sinful habit, and win back your happy fireside.' 'I will try,' said I. And I have tried, but how poorly I have succeeded, every person acquainted with me, knows too well.'

When the poor creature had finished her narrative, which bore irresistible marks of truth, in the very manner of its delivery, the Englishman gave her the most admirable counsel. The old Dutchman turned round and gazed upon her, while the tears trickled down his weather-beaten features.

'Mine Got,' he exclaimed, taking off his hat with an air of the deepest reverence, while he spake, 'ven vil there pe an end of dish accursed trade! Ven vil a pody leave off selling de fires of hell to his neighbor in exchange for de poor leetil children's pread?'

"NOTHING TO COMPLAIN OF!"

BY C. M. SEDGWICK

In this great city there are characters, facts, and combinations of events that may point a moral without the unwholesome exaggeration of a stimulated imagination, or the false coloring of fiction. There are precious jewels that do not need the arts of setting to show them off, and false brilliants that a little close observation may detect.

It is a more gracious task to attract by example than to warn by beacons. I therefore begin my lay-preaching by a passage from an old journal, which, as the social relations are constantly changing, may now be published without an invasion of the domestic sanctuary.

"I called yesterday to see my friend, Mrs. ——. I love to go from the somewhat overfurnished and over-adorned palaces of our rich citizens, to an abode like my friend's, where everything expresses the triumph of moral over physical existence. I had been told that my friend's mother, now ninety-two years old, was suffering from an acute rheumatism; and when Mrs. —— invited me to follow her into her mother's apartment, I confess to a cowardly shrinking. I expected to see the helplessness of childhood, without its loveliness, suffering under pangs that crush the strongest manhood. I had rather subject my faith to any other trial than the spectacle of a suffering child, or the oppressed helplessness of second childhood. Great was my astonishment and delight at seeing the old lady sitting upright in her chair, with an expression of firmness, serenity, and cheerfulness, that formed a halo around her. She is of short stature, but in width little shrunken from the English amplitude of her dimensions. She is an Englishwoman by birth, and even now bears testimony to the superiority of English physical training. That enduring nerve and muscle were never produced in our heated rooms, and in-door life. The infancy and youth of this beautiful age was never nurtured on candies, pies and cake

"Age has come, but, like a friend, gently to loose the bonds of life, and open the gates of immortality. Even its infirmities are turned to happy use. Her memory is weak and scarcely retains an impression of passing events As soon as the agony of pain is past, she forgets it, and reverts to a grateful sense of the blessings left her. In reply to my inquiries, she said, "I am better than one could expect at my age, *—I enjoy everything*,—they say old women are complaining, but I have *nothing to complain of!*"—Is this a fortunate result of imbecility, or is it an hallucination? thought I. I believe my face expressed this mental inquiry, for my friend said "This has been the temper of my mother's whole life; in all circumstances she has been content, grateful and cheerful." I involuntarily contrasted her with one of my acquaintance, a silly petted child of luxury, who, having the broad, continuous sunshine of her life overcast by a sudden illness, expressed astonishment that, after twenty-seven years of prosperity, "it should enter into the head of the Supreme Being to afflict her!" This was her reverent expression, her more reverent feeling! Daily and hourly we hear murmurings from the spoilt children of prosperity, if but a shadow fall across their path. They seem to fancy themselves made to bask in the sunshine, and sunshine made for them. They voluntarily class themselves with lizards, butterflies, and snakes, and forget that it is when the grub is laid away in darkness that it does its appointed work, and fulfils its destiny.

The old lady had a slight access of pain while I sat by her, and after it passed, she said in reply to some expression of concern from me, "Indeed, I have nothing to complain of!" And the sweet serenity of the smile with which she said it, was worth a thousand written arguments for Providence.

I looked around the apartment of my old friend,—it wanted some of the comforts, and many of the appliances, that the luxurious deem indispensable, and use thanklessly. In truth, she has little, according to the vulgar estimates, to thank the world for. She once lived in prosperity, and therefore must be conscious of its absence; but she finds "*nothing to complain of.*"

She is the only sister of a painter whose name is well known among British artists. He spent much of his life in Rome, and has enriched his country with pictures whose engravings I am told adorn the studios of our best artists. He I presume, was married to the arts, and in that high connection overlooked the ties of nature. His sister has found nothing to complain of in his seeming neglect, but pleases herself in cherishing with happy affection every relic associated with him. By a singular fatality, she has but one relative in the world, my friend her daughter. She has distant relatives in England, but as they are well-conditioned, and have not sought her, she does not seek them; and in their neglect, which would have converted less genial elements into misanthropy, she sees "*nothing to complain of.*"

Others not so well born, or well-bred, or well-endowed, or in early life so marked by the accidents of fortune, certainly not entitled as she now is, by the consecrations of time and many virtues, are surrounded by "troops of friends," by all the respect and observance that should wait on age.

From her friends have fallen away—generations have passed off—light after light has been put out—and yet she finds "*nothing to complain of.*"

One blessing is left to her—worth all the world without it—her faithful child, who, like an angel, keeps her patient watch beside her mother from year to year. With this infinite blessing of filial devotion, better than children and children's children, who gather round the rich man's bed, waiting for death to make its transfers—with this possession and the heavenly temper that turns all the sour and bitter of life to sweetness, I, too, feel that my old friend has "*nothing to complain of.*" [Parlor Magazine.

POLITENESS AT HOME. Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but particular charm.

WHISPER TO A WIFE.

In the matrimonial character, gentle lady, no longer let your fancy wander to scenes of pleasure and dissipation. Let home be now the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your exertions. Let home be now the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother and mistress, you strive to act and shine with splendor. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centred. And beyond the spreading trees that shadow and shelter your dwelling, gentle lady, let not your fancy wander. Leave to your husband to distinguish himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home—and let the applause of your God, of your children and your servants, weave for your brow a never fading chaplet.

An ingenious writer says: "If a painter wishes to draw the finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with eyes expressing the serenity of mind, and a countenance beaming with benevolence; one lulling to rest on her arm a lovely infant, the other employed in presenting a moral page to another sweet baby, who is listening to the words of truth and wisdom from its incomparable mother."

I think there is something very lovely in seeing a woman overcome those little domestic disquiets which every mistress of a family has to contend with, sitting down to her breakfast table in the morning, with a cheerful countenance, and endeavoring to promote innocent and pleasant conversation among her little circle.

But vain will be her amiable efforts at pleasure, unless she is assisted by her husband and other members around; and truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a family, when collected together, instead of enlivening the quiet scene with a little good humored chat, sitting like statues, as if each is unworthy the attention of the other. And then, when a stranger comes in, O dear, such smiles and animation and loquacity. "Let my lot be to please at home," says the poet; and truly I cannot help feeling a contemptible opinion of those parents, young or old, male or female, who lavish their good humor and pleasantry in company; and hoard up sullenness and silence for the sincere and loving group which compose their fireside.

A Mother Praying for her Child.

We give the following extract from the Morning Watch, a work just published by G. P. Putnam of this city. Many a Christian mother's heart will best quicker as she recognises in the words of the poet the impulses of her own bosom and the counterpart of her own daily orison:

——For her child, prayed she,
That God would care for him alway,
And lead him in His perfect way,
And whatsoever of alloy
Were mingled in her song of praise,
Or pain, and suffering, and disease,
And waking nights, and weary days;
Still it would be a song of joy,
If a kind FATHER would protect her boy:
But thou art merciful, she said, and wise,
Oh, guide thou all his destinies:
Not this world's fame I ask for him,
Or power, or place, or length of days;
But give him strength, pure thoughts and praise,
And make his great heart in all things
Constant in giving — as a fountain flings
Sweet waters momently:
But if the time shall be
When he no more will harken unto Thee;
Follow no more thy counsels; and astray,
His feet go down that way
Which leadeth unto darkness and the grave,
And there be none to save;
And then, amid the shoutings and the strife
And rushing of the wheels of life,
Shadows, terrible and dim,
Fold round him, till he see no more
The beacon on the far-off shore,
Fold round him, and no angel stay
His quick step down that starless way:
Oh, FATHER! let me die for him!
Let him not die! — but in that day
Oh, let me die for him!

Thus daily on the marbled bench,
The morning and the evening each,
Were hallowed; and every day
The two fair angels seemed to say,
That strength was in that prayer, which would not pass away.

[N. Y. Recorder.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A story is told of two travelers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in the winter they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were mostly covered; and you could see hardly anything but their eyebrows; and these were white and glistening with frost. At length they saw a poor man who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travelers, "Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible." "But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveler; "I must go to his relief;" and he stopped his sledge. "Come," said he, "come, help me to rouse him." "Not I," replied the other. "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can, till you come back." So saying, he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man, whom they had so providentially discovered. The ordinary means for restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveler was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature, that he had forgotten his own exposure; and what was the consequence? Why the very effort which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself!—and thus he had a two-fold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions which he had made. And how was it with his companion, who had been so much afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding the efforts he had been making to keep warm!

The lesson derived from this little incident is very obvious. We are all travelers to a distant country. At every step of our journey we find other travelers who need our friendly aid. Nay, God has brought them around our path in great numbers; and, far as the eye can reach, we see the their dense and gloomy ranks. Now there are two ways of meeting these objects of Christian sympathy and brotherly regard. We can go forward with the stern purpose of a selfish and unloving spirit, saying, in reply to every appeal which is addressed to our better feeling, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled;" or we can say with the warm-hearted traveler, "I cannot see this man perish; I must haste to his relief." And the rule which we adopt for our guidance in such cases, will determine the question, whether we are to be happy or unhappy. The man who lives only for himself, cannot be happy. God does not smile upon him; and his conscience will give him no peace. But he who forgets himself in his desire to do good, not only becomes a blessing to others, but opens a perpetual fountain of joy in his own bosom. [Day-spring.

AN ENGLISH SNEER REBUKED. Carlyle, in his last pamphlet, speaking of America, asks: "What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing, that one could worship, or loyalty admire, has yet been produced there?" "What human soul?" WASHINGTON. "What great thought?" LIBERTY. "What great noble thing?" A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS; BREAD FOR THE STARVING; PROTECTION FOR THE OPPRESSED. We do not know that these are things which *sycophants* could worship, or loyalty admire; but the fame of the first, the sacredness of the second, and the uncircumscribed extent of the third, are what *freemen* admire, and intend to defend. [Eclectic Journal.

Some three hundred thousand emigrants from Europe land annually on our shores. In ancient times these would have been hordes of Celts or Teutones seeking, sword in hand, for better quarters in foreign lands. Christianity and commerce have done something to improve the world.

The subjoined letter from HON. HORACE MANN, was written in reply to an invitation from the Committee of Arrangements to be present at the City School Celebration on the Fourth:—

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1850.

Dan. L. Haskell, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your favor of the 18th ult. informs me that "the City Council of the city of Boston have made arrangements to have a celebration of the next Anniversary of American Independence, by their Public High and Grammar Schools;" and that you have been instructed by the Committee of Arrangements to invite me to be present on the occasion.

I shall regret being absent from no other place, on that day so much, as from the celebration in which the children of the Boston Public Schools are to participate. With the fathers of the city, I should like to be a guest; but with its children I should like to be a host, pouring out upon them the hospitalities of my hand, and the affections of my heart.

I rejoice at the policy, and would commend the wisdom of introducing the Public Schools into the celebrations of our National Anniversary. The fourth of July is an occasion in which children should take a conspicuous part; it is a day, which they should be taught by every form of precept and of association, to hold sacred; and to whose honorable perpetuation, they should give their early vows.

The manner of celebrating this day will be adapted to the taste and character of those who are to celebrate it. Hence, when children and females are to unite for such a purpose, this union will increase the sobriety, the decorum, and the temperance of the occasion, and will diminish its revelry, its turbulence and its noise. On these festive days, I confess that I could never see any very intimate connection between patriotism and gunpowder.

There is another consideration which increases my sense of the propriety of your contemplated course. Almost half the children in the Boston Public Schools are of foreign parentage. All these children we wish to adopt into our beneficent republican system; we wish to treat them as our own, to prepare them to become good and wise citizens, and to naturalize them into our affections, as well as by our laws. They cannot join with us when we say that *our* Fathers achieved Freedom for the country. In thousands of cases, it was their Fathers, with whom our Fathers contended.

Looking backwards, our histories are diverse; but looking forwards, we hope it will ever be the same. Let us have a form of celebration, then, in which the native born child and the child of foreign parents can sympathise, both looking forward to the same brilliant and equal career for themselves and their descendants; and neither knowing any other ground of distinction than superiority in intelligence and virtue.

Another reason why I rejoice in this new feature in your celebration is, that we do not wish any longer to instil the old ideas of war into the minds of the young. These ideas, we trust in God, are fast becoming obsolete. Instead, then, of looking into the past to gloat over the triumphs of arms, let us train our children to look into the future for the beneficent and bloodless glory of the triumphs of peace.

For the sake, then, of quiet and order, and all the more gentle sisterhood in the family of the virtues; for the sake of gracing our public festivities with the refining influence of woman; and especially for the sake of inspiring our children, not with that physical courage or ferocity, which, on the signal of war, or without the signal of war, rushes to the destruction of human life and the havoc of all its enjoyments, but with that moral courage which scorns the temptations of wealth and luxury, and repels the seductions of political ambition, I do most earnestly hope that the manner of celebrating our National Birth-Day will be gradually transformed and redeemed from all species of revelry and intemperate indulgence, and from that strange notion, that there is any natural connection between wit, eloquence or ethics, on the one hand, and burning of gunpowder on the other; so that we may everywhere behold social assemblies, at which all ages and both sexes may be present and where literary and moral associations shall constitute the chief charm and attraction of the time.

Very truly and sincerely, yours, &c.,
HORACE MANN.

CHARLEY AND THE LITTLE BOOK. Charley was a very poor little boy, two small to know how to read, yet his parents did not neglect him. They taught him the first principles of religion from the Child's Catechism. He loved to learn, and valued his little book highly. Charley was taken sick. His physician said he must die.—His friends must gave up the little boy they loved so well. When the chill of death came on him, and the darkness which overshadows the grave began to surround him, he was restless.—He asked for his little book. It was brought. With it was associated, in his mind, all he knew of God and religion. He grasped it in his hand, clasped it to his bosom, smiled, and died.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be removed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, or One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, have opened their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

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REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge. Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston. if marc16

Family Boarding School for Boys,
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Application for admission may be made by letter, or by personal interview with the subscriber, at his residence, on Centre street, corner of Pond street, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury.

C. M. VINSON.
june22. 1wis.7wos.

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT FRAMINGHAM.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Tuesday, the first day of June next. A small number of pupils will be received into the Subscriber's family; and the constant care and attention of himself and his wife will be devoted to them, as regards both their intellectual and moral training.

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REFERENCES. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Grocers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. B. Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Edes, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, and J. S. Wheeler, Esq., Framingham. RUFUS F. BREWER.
Framingham, May 11, 1850. 3mos

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june1

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